

Orthodox Judaism Yeshiva

B'nai B'rith Magazine

Volume XL, No. 3

DECEMBER, 1925



The Way of Orthodoxy

By Peter Wiernik

The Yeshiva

By Dr. Bernard Revel

Chanuka—the Cinderella of Jewish Festivals

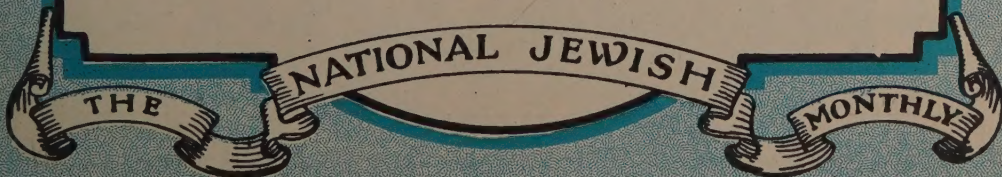
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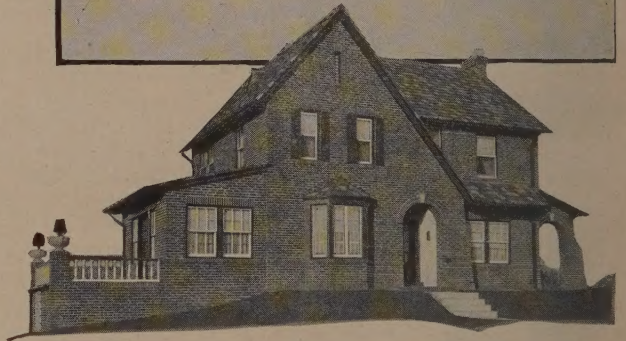
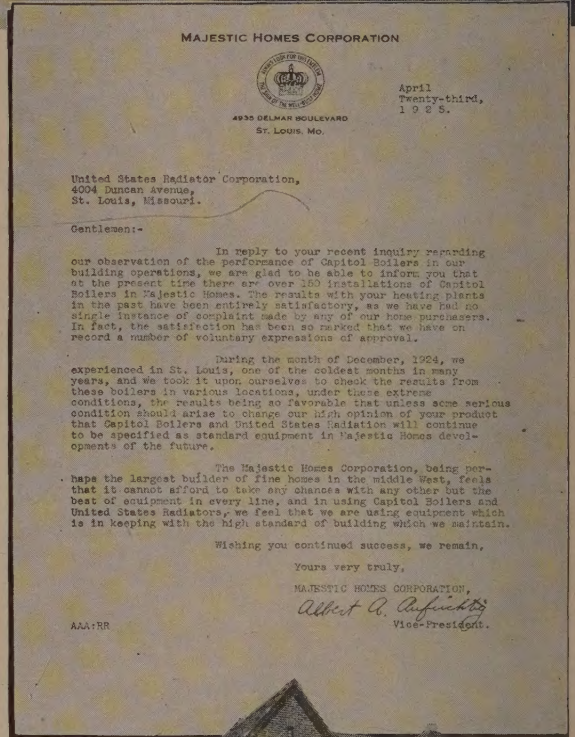
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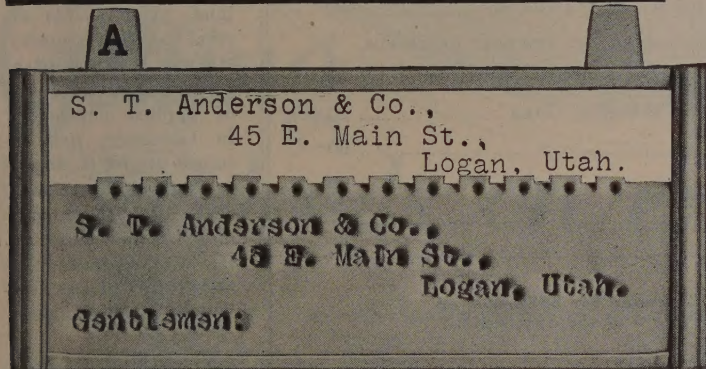
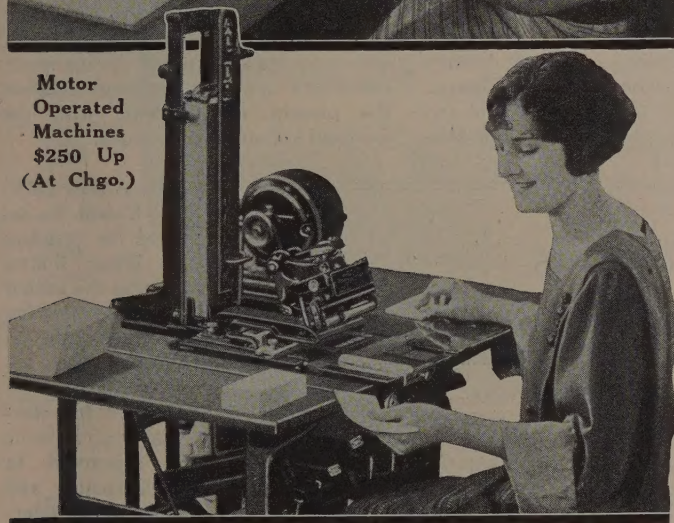
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PETER WIERNIK is editor of the *Jewish Morning Journal*. Through his forty years' intimacy with Jewish life in America in various capacities, from laborer to business man, and from typesetter to reporter and then to editor, Mr. Wiernik has climbed the rungs by practical experience and self-education. As chronicler of the "History of the Jews in America" and through his many contributions to the Yiddish and English press, Mr. Wiernik has won recognition as a spokesman for and an authority on American Orthodox Jewry.

DR. BERNARD REVEL, president of the Rabbi Isaac Elchanan Theological Seminary, a distinguished Jewish scholar, studied rabbinics at the famous Telshi and Slobodka *Yeshivoths*. He received his Master of Arts degree from Columbia University and his Doctor of Philosophy degree from Dropsie College. Dr. Revel has written many notable scientific and scholarly works and is an extensive contributor to leading Jewish scholarly periodicals.

RABBI EDGAR F. MAGNIN is Rabbi of Temple B'nai B'rith, Los Angeles, the leading synagogue of Southern California—a writer and lecturer, and leader in civic, philanthropic and cultural movements in Southern California and nationally. He was born in San Francisco, and is a graduate of

Hebrew Union College and the University of Cincinnati.

SARAH GOLDBERG is a graduate student at Columbia University, where she is working for her doctor's degree in philosophy. Born in Russia, she came to this country as a child and was educated at the University of Mis-

Jewish artists, Lilien and Birnbaum, appeared in the October and November issues of the Magazine, is already known to our readers. Dr. Zolin, who is a Ph.D. from Heidelberg University and who was a former preparatory school principal, is a thorough scholar. His present article deals with the spiritual standing of Judaism.

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A Jewish Calendar for 5686 will be found on Page 6 of the Supplement

DR. B. MARC REVSINE will be remembered by readers of the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE as the author of an article dealing with Jewish Life in Switzerland, which appeared in the March, 1924, issue. Dr. Revsine, who is a native of Russia, sojourned in Berlin, Germany and in Lausanne, Switzerland, prior to his arrival to this country. He was a professor of modern languages and of applied psychology in Lausanne, and received his Ph.D. degree from the University of that city, with which he later became connected. He is at present working in the Chicago Jewish educational field.

PHILIP A. LANGH, rabbi of Temple *Anshe Emes*, Chicago, frequently contributes to our columns.

YOSSEF GAER was born twenty-eight years ago in a little town similar to the Yanovke of his novel. He is a free-lance journalist and poet, one of the editors of *Four*, an experimental poetry magazine.

souri and Washington University. Readers of this Magazine will remember her interesting studies of the social history of Jewish women, which appeared in previous issues.

DR. JOSEPH ZOLIN, whose comprehensive articles on the two

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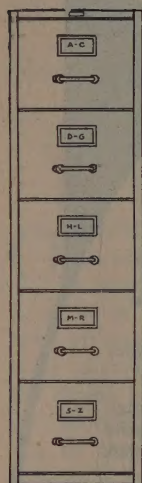
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THE B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE

The National Jewish Monthly

VOLUME XL

DECEMBER, 1925

NUMBER 3

The Way of Orthodoxy

Non-combatant endurance, and imperceptible change. The despair which does not paralyze, and the rise which is inevitable. Education always lies behind organization. The great Era which is coming, and the preparation for it.

By Peter Wiernik

ORTHODOXY does not fight, it overcomes a world in arms, hosts of outer and inner enemies, by the simple process of surviving. It has no champions



Peter Wiernik

because it needs none, and any interpretation of its force in the terms of struggle cannot be true. Figuratively speaking it is the same "fanatical" traditional Jew who opposed the Hellenist at the altar, the Sadducee at the Temple, the Roman on the walls of the Holy City; the same who opposed the Babylonian heretic, the Arabo-Spanish destructive philosopher, the German Reformer, the Russian Nihilist. He always was defeated; apparently, but never gave up. And he is as sure to survive the onslaught of Bolshevism in Russia, as he is clearly overcoming the preliminary maladjustment in free and prosperous America. He is not entirely unyielding, and his rigidity is only partial. Occasionally he bends his back, but his knee—never.

Orthodoxy not being a movement, but a mode of life, it changes as does life itself, by force of circumstances rather than by official decrees. The Orthodox Jew of Spain differed considerably from the Palestinian, and the Pole of the Seventeenth century was much unlike the Provençal of the twelfth. But the changes came gradually, and the rule and practice developed in a manner which is not unlike the growth of the British Constitution. The sanction came after precedents were supported by assenting authorities. The noisy and semi-hysterical

campaigns for "amendments" which the masses never thoroughly approved, are what made certain phases of the Reform movement obnoxious to the Orthodox. But most obnoxious was the idea of a religious movement in itself. Steadfastness and endurance carried Orthodoxy through the centuries, and it has learned from variegated experiences that movements lead outside of the camp, to the total assimilation which means destruction.

THE Jew of Eastern Europe, transplanted from the "close adjustment" of the Slavic countries into the open Western world, could not be otherwise than weak and bewildered, as hopeless of his religious future which to him meant existence itself, as Jews in a new and untried situation always were. For many centuries he lived a secluded life, linguistically as well as religiously, socially as well as politically. He saw that no such adjustment was possible here, and he could think of no other. At the old home all the progressives were irreligious, all the "Crown Rabbis" whom the government forced on him as official representatives, were ignorant of the Law and held his religion in contempt. Could a child born here grow up a real Jew? When I arrived in the Middle West about forty years ago, everybody—that is, every orthodox Jew in the new "colonies"—was convinced that when the old men who were then living died, real Judaism would be buried with them.

The despair was real, but the situation was not half as serious as they considered it to be. Like little children in their puny misfortunes, or like young lovers who see the end of the world when they are beset by ordinary

difficulties, these despairing Jews did not know that what was happening to them is a common experience. And while they were bewailing their own fate as "last Mohicans," the tribe was increasing and the situation was slowly but surely improving. Before the old men of the first generation of immigrants died out, the middle aged, in increasing numbers and considerably more Americanized, were ready to take their places. And presently the formerly indifferent or even hostile younger generation, more numerous, more prosperous, and still more Americanized, approached the threshold of middle age, lending a helping hand to the older men, ultimately taking their places and doing better work on a constantly increasing scale.

AS the despair was not justifiable, neither was it paralyzing. The mode of life was not entirely given up and the religious, educational, and semi-social activities were growing and extending, despite the turmoil of the pent-up radicalism which was liberated here, and not withstanding the "ravages" of the Reform Temple among the newly rich and those who were too precipitately Americanized. The considerable number of Orthodox congregations which were organized, and of synagogues which were purchased or built in various centers in the '80's and the early '90's, prove that it did not take Eastern Orthodox Jewry long to begin to feel solid ground under its feet in the United States, and that substantial provision was being made for a future by people who seemed not to have faith in it.

(Continued on Page 98)

Progress of Events

An Example of Tolerance—The Spirit of Chanuka—Damascus—Sacramental Wine—Renegade Jews—A Fable—King Tut's Empire

THE city of Cincinnati, stepping out on a new career of good government, under the city manager plan, has set an example of rarest tolerance.

A Jew—Murray Seasongood—and a Catholic—E. T. Dixon—led the ticket of councilmen who were elected, each outstripping all the other candidates by many thousands of votes.

It was not the victory of the Jew or the Catholic but the victory of tolerance. But some may say, "How sad that in this, our America, a victory of tolerance has come to be regarded a noteworthy event!"

* * *

THE spirit of Chanuka says to the modern Jew: "Are you a worthy heir of the Maccabees who fought and died for your faith? You are not called upon to die for your religion, but only to live for it well, so to conduct yourself in all affairs that your every act shall redound to the credit of your people, so to serve your faith that the proud inheritance handed down to you through ages of persecution may be preserved for your children and your children's children."

* * *

A JEWISH Telegraphic Agency dispatch from Paris reports an event that evokes tragic memories. It relates that the Wednesday Night Club of Paris held a public meeting recently in which the Dreyfus affair was reviewed and that Capt. Dreyfus himself was present at the meeting.

In the time of the Dreyfus case it was customary to rejoice that America was singularly free of the anti-Semitism that made a martyr of Dreyfus. Anti-Semitism, it was said, was indigenous only to Europe, where it grew in the miasmatic soil of ancient fanaticisms.

Some twenty-five years have passed since the Dreyfus affair. And in that time a certain rich man has been sowing in America the seeds of the vile weed that once grew only in Europe; and one of the choice fruits thereof was seen recently in an article in the Philadelphia Chamber of Commerce News Bulletin which, after advocating "fur-

ther restriction of Hebrew elements entering under the quotas of all nations," said:

"Advocates of this radical suggestion urge it in the belief that the Jewish problem is becoming more serious all the time in the United States, and that for the future security and contentment of the nation further restriction of this element in the population should be sought."

* * *

PITY the rich man who, though there are many ways of using wealth for the service of education, for the service of health and life, for the service of religion, is so poor of spirit as to employ his wealth for the service of an ancient hate.

* * *

WE believe the fame of Peretz, the noted Jewish Polish writer, will survive the hostile act of the city council of Warsaw which has rejected a resolution to name a street in Warsaw after him.

This reminds us of the story of the poet whose spirit returned to the earth long after he had died. The spirit was saddened to see that a monument that had been erected to his memory had been torn down to make way for a new building, and a tablet on the wall of a school had decayed from rust. But in a garden the spirit of the poet heard a child singing one of his songs, and he was content. His monument was a song in the heart of a child.

Thus the great men of Israel have become immortal—not through monuments of granite and bronze, but through the everlasting inspiration of their minds and hearts.

* * *

THE abuse of the sacramental wine privilege was denounced by the Union of Orthodox Congregations at its convention recently.

This abuse by a few who are called rabbis has been the shame of Jewry in many cities. It calls for action by B'nai B'rith lodges, which are the forums of Jewish public opinion, in

every city. In one city a wine purveyor was called before the vigilance committee of the B'nai B'rith and warned that he would be prosecuted and driven out of town unless he desisted from law violation. Such should be the attitude of B'nai B'rith everywhere toward law-breakers who bring shame upon the good name of their people.

* * *

IT is saddening to Jewish pride to see that the chief persecutors of Judaism in Russia today are Jews. Russia is the only country in Europe in which the Jews suffer from religious restrictions, which must be distinguished from the economic and educational restrictions from which they suffer elsewhere.

This is due to the acts of the Jewish section of the Communist party, which regulates Jewish affairs and the members of which hope for the destruction of Judaism as well as of all other religions.

History tells us that the renegade Jew always was the most virulent of the persecutors of his people. The Jew is always the enthusiast.

* * *

WE remember a story: An ox, finding the skin of a lion, put it on and went about to cause terror in the community. At his approach every one fled, and the ox enjoyed greatly the fear and respect in which he was held.

"I am a very important ox," he said. "Every one is afraid of me."

But one day the lion's skin fell from the ox's back and it was seen that he was only an ox.

This story reminds us of the unmasking of the Ku Klux Klan, which lately has been parading in many cities with open faces. Under its masks the Klan was feared by all; unmasked, its members are seen to be the yokels of the community.

It is related that as a result of his experience the ox came to wisdom and uttered the renowned epigram, "Once an ox, always an ox."

ANOTHER American rabbi, Joel Blau of New York, has been called to a pulpit in London. Two Americans—Rabbi Israel Mattuck and Chief Rabbi Joseph H. Hertz—have been serving in London for a number of years.

Rabbi Blau is well-known to the readers of this magazine to which he has been a frequent contributor. The quality of his writings has marked him as an outstanding man.

We hope he is not altogether lost to American Jewry and that he will continue to address American Jewry through the forum of this magazine.

* * *

JEWISH literature has not always wept. *The Hillel Magazine*, a student publication of the Hillel Foundation of the University of Illinois, presents these samples of Hebrew satire by Yeiteles, who died in 1813, and by Jehuda Alchazari, who lived in the fourteenth century:

By Yeiteles

*Your book, how tragically you said it,
Hath made you patient vigils keep;
Be comforted, for when I read it,
It lulled me peacefully to sleep.*

By the Same Author

*Here lies Judge—he's done with legal
tort,
And sleeps as soundly as he did in
court.*

By Alchazari

*Yes, white is the color of mourning,
'Tis nature's design, of a truth;
My black hair turned white, when I
started
Lamenting the flight of my youth.*

* * *

VAST treasury of jewels found in the tomb of King Tut. Symbols of an empire. Evidences of material civilization.

The empire has crumbled to the dust; the civilization has vanished. But the Jew, who in the time of that civilization was a sojourner in Egypt, still marches upon the earth.

Why do we live? Why is it given us to survive the generation of our oppressors? Our only power has been the might of an ideal.

By this we have lived as a people. We shall perish only if we place our trust solely in the fading might of our businesses and in the vain prestige that our clubs confer upon us.

* * *

WE observe that the Central Conference of American Rabbis lately has been concerning itself with a

manual for the instruction of Christians who desire to accept Judaism.

This magazine joins the rabbis in welcoming all Christians who desire to become Jews, but it would also rejoice if all Jews would accept Judaism and live by its teachings.

* * *

LUDWIG Lewisohn was born of Jewish parents but has just become a Jew. To be a Jew is to have a consciousness of being one; to be concerned with all matters Jewish; to be proud of the Jewish inheritance; to walk with a high head because one is a Jew.

The B'nai B'rith is organized Jewish consciousness.

* * *

"TEL Aviv (in Palestine)," writes Sophie Irene Loeb in the *New York Evening World*, "truly resembles a subdivision in Miami, Florida. Situated on the Mediterranean, it has all the advantages of a sea frontage; its houses are built strong, mainly of stone, and the feeling is that of a seething center of business industry and social activity.

"It is perhaps the most noteworthy example of what the New World Methods can accomplish in short order. The mayor points with pride at the statistics which speak louder than figures, in that it demonstrates what human endeavor has gone into the project.

"If it were possible to transport the city of Tel Aviv on a magic carpet to a subdivision in Florida the passerby would not know the difference, except that the signs on the stores and business houses have both the Jewish and English writings."

* * *

POLITICIANS of Indiana are protesting against the appointment of a Klan senator by the governor. It seems that it does not sit well with their pride that a state which gave the nation a Beveridge and a Marshall now is to be represented in the national councils by one whose chief recommendation is the favor of the Klan.

But this is the product of their own doing. They played with the Klan for political advantage and now the Klan has most of the chips.

But news significant of awakening tolerance comes from two towns in Indiana.

In Attica, Morris Blout, a Jew, has been elected city treasurer, being the only Democrat elected.

In Madison, Marcus R. Sulzer, a Jew, has been elected mayor, receiving

958 votes against his opponent's 27. Mr. Sulzer is the first Republican elected in Madison in many years.

* * *

THE Central Conference of American Rabbis, meeting in Cincinnati, endorsed the work of the B'nai B'rith Hillel Foundation. After considering the work of the Foundation at the Universities of Illinois and Wisconsin and the program of work undertaken at the recently opened Foundation at Ohio State University, the following resolution was adopted:

"Whereas there exists at present confusion and divergent views concerning the status, the content and the nature of the religious work done in student congregations and other Jewish bodies on the campus of universities, and whereas we very much desire to bring about, for the general good of the Jewish students, whatever shade of religious belief he may espouse, a closer degree of co-operation, and whereas the B'nai B'rith Hillel Foundation from its very nature comprises and represents all shades of opinion in American Jewry;

"Therefore, be it resolved, that we heartily endorse the B'nai B'rith Hillel Foundation and recommend that all bodies engaged in Jewish work on the campus co-operate with the Foundation wherever it is functioning."

* * *

THE last pillar of Nordic supremacy is tottering. Benny Friedman, an aspirant for the degree of bachelor of arts at the University of Michigan, has done the tottering—by means of a shower of forward passes against the University of Wisconsin; a goal kick against the University of Illinois—the institution of higher learning in which Mr. Grange is enrolled; and a whole assortment of runs, kicks and forward passes against the United States Naval Academy.

About the same time that the versatile Mr. Friedman was rocking the Navy, a representative of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ was telling delegates to the Central Conference of American Rabbis of the new spirit of better understanding that was bringing up between Christians and Jews. To every Nordic who read the very able address of the Rev. John W. Her-ring, however, at least a hundred followed Mr. Friedman across the gridiron in the public prints.

At any rate the role of the conquering Nordic has been booted for a goal.

A Cross-Section of American Jewish News of the Month

Religion and Education

AT the Central Conference of American Rabbis recently held in Cincinnati, Dr. Abram Simon of Washington, D. C., pleaded for a closer co-operation between Orthodox and Reform Jews in promoting the work of good-will between Christians and Jews. . . .



The Chief Rabbi of England, Dr. Joseph H. Hertz, in a congratulatory letter to Dr. Morgenstern, president of the Hebrew Union College, says: "The men reared in the Hebrew Union College are beginning to realize that perhaps as important as the issues that divide us are the things that bind us and especially that common action in defense against dangers from without and within—whether in local or in pan-Jewish problems—has become a vital necessity for the Jew of today and tomorrow."

Both statements resound the old Jewish message of "*Kol Yissrael arevim ze boze*," all Jews are responsible for the well-being of each other. . . .

A remarkable document embodies the conditions under which Mr. Felix Warburg's gift of \$500,000 to the Institute of Jewish Studies at the Hebrew University becomes operative. Elaborate precautions are taken to prevent the fund from being applied to any other purpose, but to the training of scholars, ministers and teachers of the Jewish faith. The distribution committee is given broad powers to utilize the income of the fund "for such public educational, charitable and benevolent uses and purposes as will most effectively assist and promote the well-being of mankind." . . .

One of the clauses, however, reads that it is the wish of the founders that in the selection of beneficiaries under the trust, preference be given to citizens of the United States. Another clause provides that no part of the trust fund be used or applied in any manner to promote any political or chauvinistic activity. . . .

The document contains a "contingent remainder" clause for the benefit of the

Hebrew Union College and the Theological Seminary in New York, in case untoward circumstances should make the execution of the trust impossible. . . .

Recent developments in American Educational activities tend to show that the times of "Hospital" Judaism in this country are over. There is apparently a much deeper appreciation of cultural values all over the States. An important step has been taken by the Philadelphia Jewish Charities, who have decided to organize a \$3,000,000 drive for the erection of suitable Jewish schools in that city. The budget of the Philadelphia Federation of Charities includes a sum for the maintenance of a net work of *Talmud Torah* schools and a variety of educational centers, many of which are at present housed in woefully unsatisfactory buildings. . . .

Jewish drives keep the postmen busy. One might ask "are there no Synagogues in Jerusalem? Is there no Balm in Gilead?" The United Synagogues of America have just undertaken a drive for \$300,000 for the erection of a dignified structure in Jerusalem, which is to comprise a synagogue and a Jewish Center. There are hundreds of Synagogues and *Botei Midrash* in the Holy City, but unfortunately none of them possess that air of natural beauty which would engender a healthy pride on the part of the younger generation. While religion should always remain independent of the splendor of the houses of worship, religion ought not to go begging for a pleasant abode in the city where the *Beth Hamikdash* stood. . . .



The Baltimore Conference

I. O. B. B. representatives at the United Palestine Appeal Conference were Dr. William Rosenau, Oscar Berman, Leslie V. Marks, Hirsch Manischewitz, I. Abrahams and Nathan Leshner.

The conference promulgated the following resolutions as a call to the Jews of America:

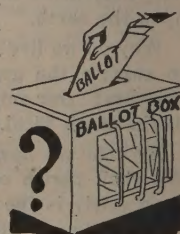
"This Conference declares it as its unanimous opinion that the development of the Jewish Homeland in Palestine has reached a stage which calls for constructive action on a scale hitherto unprecedented; that the immediate possibilities which Palestine offers as a haven of refuge to tens of thousands of homeless and persecuted Jews must, for their sake and for the sake of Palestine, be seized and used without delay; that the honor of the Jewish people, invoked by the world, which has given its endorsement to the building of a Jewish National Home in Palestine, is equally at stake with the fortunes of tens of thousands of Jews and with the material and moral welfare of the Jewish Homeland.

"This Conference while recognizing the existence of Jewish relief problems throughout Eastern and Central Europe which must be dealt with on the spot, and the necessity for the efforts devoted to the solution of such problems on the basis of the resolution adopted by the Philadelphia Conference of September 13, 1925, declares that the phenomenal growth of the Jewish Homeland has given to Palestine the paramount position as a permanent constructive relief factor in Jewish life. On these grounds and because the Jewish Homeland in Palestine is the expression of the immemorial aspiration and the present spiritual hunger of the Jewish people, this Conference is convinced that a united American Jewry will respond to the United Palestine Funds Appeal in the measure demanded by its honor and by the greatness of the occasion."

Politics

JAMES W. GARD, former ambassador to Germany, expressed the hope that one of the major parties would see fit to nominate for President either a Catholic or a Jew, "to do away with the miserable spirit of intolerance which had grown up in the land . . ."

Irish papers comment sarcastically on the attempt of the Loyalty League



to introduce Ku Kluxism into North Ireland. Brig. Gen. Prescott-Decie, the League's principal spokesman, is gaining a *post-war* notoriety by accusing the Jews of a world conspiracy to overthrow the British Empire. This British variation of the old Ford joke would, of course, prove a flivver in South Ireland, where the Klan and the British Empire are equally popular . . .

Social Welfare

GLENN FRANK, president of the University of Wisconsin and former editor of the *Century* magazine criticised "Nordic" Americans for their self-consciousness and their antagonism to the foreign-born in their midst. "Jingo pride of race is a source of conflict," asserted President Frank. "A prostituted patriotism will bathe the world in blood . . . Now and then nations suffer from epidemics of a sort of mental skin disease, by which I mean a sudden rush of racial pride that leads them to judge men solely by the color of their skin, the shape of their heads or the land of their birth. This disease may result in nothing higher than international bad manners and impertinence to immigrants . . . Let us stimulate that just pride of race that leads to creative accomplishment, but let us be ruthlessly honest about ourselves, lest we fall into that jingo pride that breeds conflict . . ."

"We cannot be hateful, intolerant and vindictive and filled with national, racial and religious prejudices, and be peacemakers at the same time," Bishop Charles P. Anderson, of Chicago declared at an Armistice Day celebration, held under auspices of the Episcopal church . . .

An inter-denominational, non-sectarian committee has been organized to introduce the five-day week into industry, under auspices of the Jewish Sabbath Alliance of America . . .

To make its purpose broader the word "Christian" was deleted from the program of the World Alliance for International Friendship Through the Churches, on the suggestion of Rabbi Leo M. Franklin, of Detroit, at the convention of the American branch.

Louis Marshal was re-elected president of the American Jewish Committee at its annual meeting. The committee adopted a resolution urging the United States Senate to take prompt

action on the question of entry into the World Court. A survey of the educational situation was decided upon, after Elias A. Cohen, of New York, contributed \$2,500 toward that purpose . . .

Governor Alfred Smith of New York endorsed the United Palestine drive for \$5,000,000, in a letter to Dr. Stephen S. Wise, chairman. "The world takes an especial interest in the new rise of a Jewish civilization in Palestine, and sees the promise of an achievement which will redound to the benefit of all mankind," he wrote . . .

Tolerance was listed among Chicago's assets in a survey of the city's resources made in connection with the observance of the twenty-first anniversary of the Association of Commerce. Three clergymen represented Chicago's moral forces in the inventory, a Catholic, a Protestant, and a Jew, Rabbi Louis L. Mann . . .

Statesmen, communal leaders, and journalists celebrated the sixth anniversary of the Jewish Telegraphic Agency in New York, by pledging international peace and racial good fellowship. Prof. Timothy A. Smiddy, minister to this country from the Irish Free State, described the absence of racial animosity among the Irish . . .

Philanthropy

AFTER challenges from various factions in American Jewry opposed to colonization of Jews in the Ukraine, leaders of the United Jewish Campaign published a tentative budget for the expenditure of the \$15,000,000 sought in the drive. This showed that only \$4,500,000 would go into agricultural and reconstructive work in Soviet Russia, while \$1,500,000 would go toward financing the Palestine Economic Foundation. Julius Rosenwald, who contributed \$1,000,000 to the \$15,000,000 fund, stated that "the colonization plan had been sacrificed by cutting the original allocation of \$9,000,000 in half,"—but that he would abide by the decision of the leaders . . .

Albert M. Heinshemer of New York contributed a country home and an endowment fund, totalling \$1,250,000, to the Hospital for Joint Diseases . . .

Felix M. Warburg, philanthropist and financier, was feted upon the thirty-first anniversary of his arrival in this country. He is chairman of the

board of the Federation for the Support of Jewish Philanthropic Societies . . .

Immigration

CHANGES in the immigration law by the 69th Congress were predicted by James J. Davis, Secretary of Labor; Congressman Albert A. Johnson, author of the present quota law; and W. W. Husband, second assistant secretary of Labor. These changes will probably permit members of families of American citizens to enter as non-quota immigrants. Both Secretary Davis and Congressman Johnson declared that restrictive immigration would remain a part of our policy and favored enrollment of aliens. Legalization of the entry of desirable citizens who had entered without conforming to the immigration laws was urged . . .

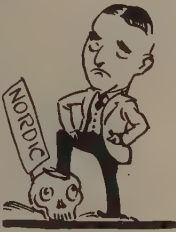
In the meantime the Immigration Reform Council has begun its campaign for modification of the present immigration law by appealing to the New York state delegation in Congress . . .

The admission of the wives and minor children of permanent residents of this country, as "non-quota" immigrants was urged in a resolution adopted by the board of managers of the National Council of Jewish Women. Thousands of families are kept from being reunited on account of the present law, according to Miss Florina Lasker, chairman of the department of immigrant aid. The proposal to register aliens was opposed . . .

The Arts

JACOB EPSTEIN, American Jewish sculptor, continues to be the stormy petrel of the London art world. Not only has his panel of Rima, on the Hudson memorial in Hyde Park, been daubed with paint, but prominent British citizens, headed by Hilaire Belloc, author of "The Jew" and including Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, have petitioned for its removal . . .

In recognition of the appeal that music has for Jews, the Chicago Civic Opera Company appointed Miss Ziporah R. Zlatin to "sell grand opera" to her co-religionists. This is the first attempt to interest potential opera-goers as members of either a racial or a religious group . . .



The Yeshiva

By

Dr. Bernard Revel

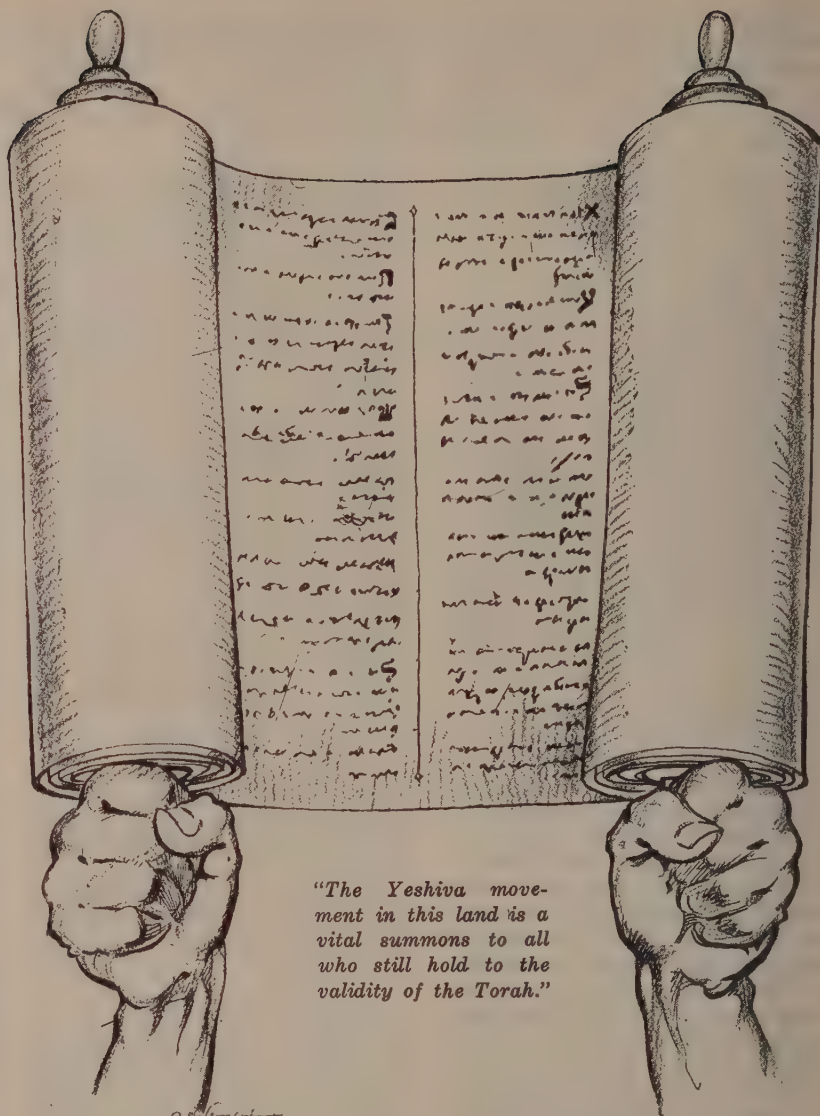
WHAT the Medieval Latin term, *universitas*, has meant to Europe since the latter part of the fourteenth century, namely, a community of teachers and scholars devoted to learning and education, *Yeshiva* has meant to Jewry since the third century B. C.

The *Yeshiva* is not a professional school for the training of rabbis and teachers, but an institution where Jewish culture is preserved and advanced for its own sake. The *Yeshivoth* of all ages were the centres of light and learning, the reservoirs of intellectual energy and spiritual strength and idealism, the instrument for the continued transmission of the divine light of Sinai, to the entire household of Israel. In them the *Torah* ideal has been embodied. Out of them have come our scholars, sages, and standard-bearers. There the Jewish genius has asserted itself and there the soul of universal Israel has found its truest and noblest expression. The work of the *Yeshivoth*, constitutes a glorious chapter in the long history of Israel, and next to the Synagogue, they form the most vital institution in the preservation of Judaism. As our sages say, "*Yeshivoth have never ceased to exist in Israel.*"

* * *

A LINK in the unbroken chain of the *Yeshivoth* of all ages is the *Yeshiva* on this continent, founded thirty years ago and named after the Jewish sage of the last century, Rabbi Isaac Elchanan. It is conceived in the spirit of the Jewish Ideal of "*Torah for its own sake*," and is devoted to the comprehensive study of all phases of the *Torah* in its widest sense.

The founders of the *Yeshiva* realized that it takes years of single-hearted devotion and a proper spiritual atmosphere to acquire a thorough and loving understanding of Jewish law and



lore and that the foundation for such knowledge must be laid in childhood, and that in order to maintain Jewish ideals and culture in this country as a real and living force, the historic home of the *Torah*, the *Yeshiva*, must be transplanted to this land and an institution for the intensive study of Judaism, founded upon sanctioned models, must be established. There all that the Jewish spirit has produced throughout the ages, was to be cultivated.

* * *

ONE of the fundamental purposes of the *Yeshiva* is to further original and constructive investigation and research in the wide field of Jewish learning; advance the cause of constructive Jewish scholarship and to help elucidate the truth and principles of Judaism in the light of modern thought. It

aims to train a generation of loyal Jews, brought in direct contact with the sources of Jewish culture—men who have a loving understanding of the *Torah* and its ideals. The *Torah* is the heritage of all Israel, and wherever the Jews have settled, they have established *Yeshivoth* centers of *Torah*, where the knowledge of and love for the *Torah* were cultivated and fostered. Our fathers have realized that the training of Jews is of far greater importance than the training of rabbis, and Jewish training is impossible without *Torah*.

The *Yeshiva*, in all its departments, has an enrollment of about 400 students, who come from all parts of the United States and Canada. Some of them, as well, come from Palestine and East-European *Yeshivoth*. The *Yesh-*

"Yeshiveth Have Never Ceased to Exist in Israel"

iva encourages and assists in the establishment in the various Jewish centers of the country, of smaller *Yeshivoth*, schools for the training of a learned and loyal Jewish laity through the intensive study and cultivation of the *Torah* and Jewish ideals. The graduates of these schools who wish and who are equipped to continue their studies, come to the *Yeshiva*. The *Yeshiva* has sent forth many rabbis who are learned in the *Torah*, who are loyal to the *Torah* and who live the life of the *Torah*; men of faith and fervor who preach and teach the Word of God as understood by Universal Israel of all ages and who continue the old scholarly, as well as the religious, tradition of the rabbi. The *Yeshiva*, through its hundreds of earnest and sincere students and the influence of the rabbis and teachers it sends forth, and, by the higher standard of Jewish education which it fosters, helps to transplant the glory of the *Torah* to American soil and to evolve a system of Jewish training which brings harmony into the life of the Jewish child and develops not only his mind but also his Jewish consciousness and his will to live as a true Jew; a Jewish education which indicates the guiding laws of life in accordance with the immortal truths of Judaism in harmonious blending with the best thought of the age and the great humanitarian ideals upon which our country is founded.

* * *

IN connection with the preparatory department of the *Yeshiva*, a high school under the name of "Talmudical Academy" was organized in 1916. It is recognized by the State of New York as of high school grade. It numbers

over 400 students. The work of this department has proved to be of high standing. The students' attainments compare very favorably with those of the public high school pupils, as is evidenced by the results of the regents' examinations and by state scholarship awards to the *Yeshiva* high school graduates. A branch of the *Yeshiva* high school has recently been estab-



Dr. Bernard Revel

lished in Borough Park, and several other branches are contemplated. During these high school years, the students receive a thorough training in the essentials of Jewish learning and acquire a living and lasting familiarity with the tenets and

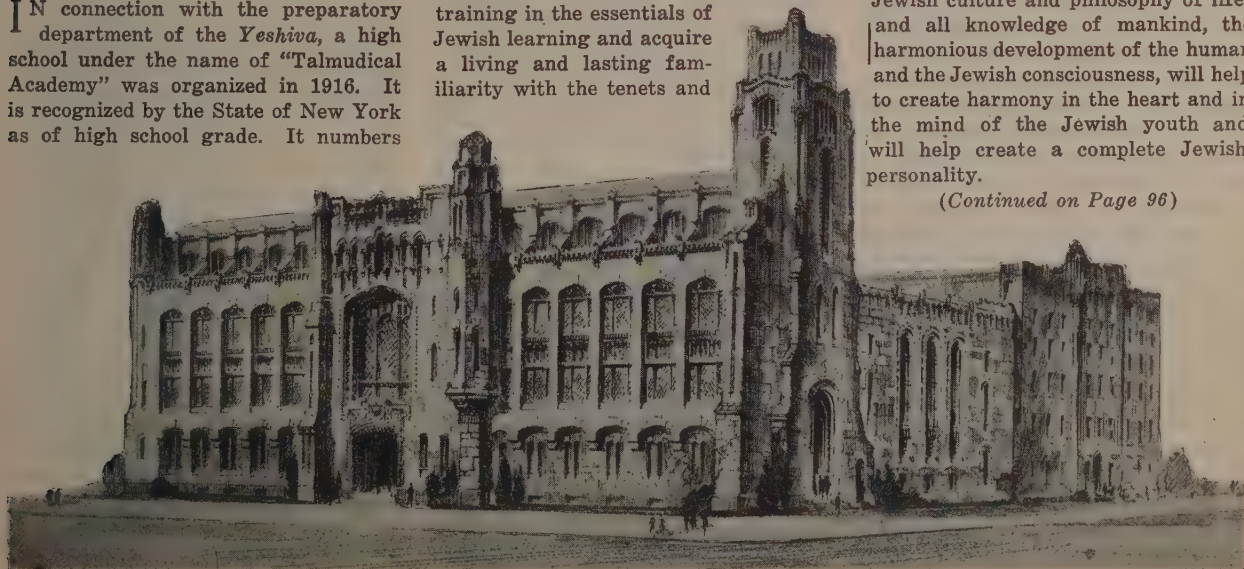
practices of Judaism and are imbued with love and reverence for the things of the spirit.

The *Yeshiva* now proposes to establish a College of Liberal Arts and Science, mainly for its own students, a liberal college—dedicating it energies to the education of a small number of American Jewish young men of ability and high ideals. On the foundation that has been arduously laid in the several Hebrew day schools in New York and in the rest of the country, which are under the influence of the *Yeshiva*, and particularly in the *Yeshiva* High School, a structure is to be reared to educate both liberally and Jewishly a number of Jewish young men who have already been imbued with the spirit and sanctity of Judaism and its teachings and who wish to prepare themselves for the rabbinate, for Jewish social service, for teaching in or the supervision of Jewish religious schools, for Jewish scholarship or communal leadership.

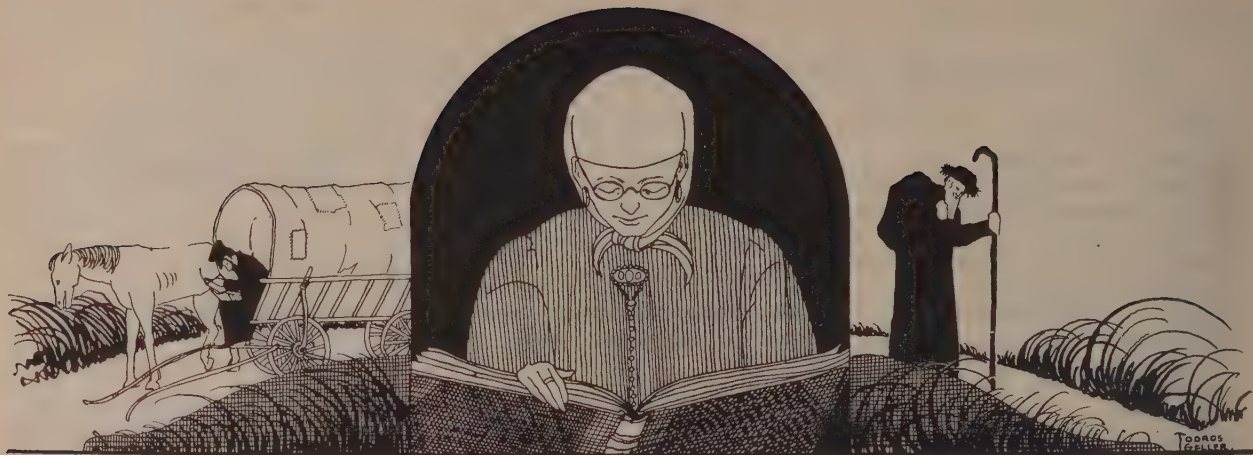
* * *

SUCH a college will help bridge the abyss between intellectualism and faith. It will present to at least a small portion of our academic youth, in a proper setting, the spirit and vital message of Judaism, and make it a potent force in their lives; and will thus help bring back the days when our great thinkers and intellectual giants were at the same time our religious guides. The interaction of Jewish culture and philosophy of life, and all knowledge of mankind, the harmonious development of the human and the Jewish consciousness, will help to create harmony in the heart and in the mind of the Jewish youth and will help create a complete Jewish personality.

(Continued on Page 96)



The Yeshiva—New Building



The History of Yiddish Literature

From Folk-lore to the Haskalah

By Sarah Goldberg

“**A** PECULIAR people” has been the time-old appellation of the Jews—a people who were different from all other peoples. In truth, their long history has proved the validity of that epithet. For instance, for more than six hundred years there lived some eight millions of Jews in Russia and Poland who, though oppressed and unfranchised, were nevertheless a complete ethnic entity, with a comparatively normal social and national life. This community of Jews had a relatively high cultural life and maintained a high standard of literacy—but possessed no literature of its own.

The literature of a nation has always been a good index of the general culture of its people. A country in which the majority are unable to read or write can have no representative literature. Literacy, education, cultural and intellectual curiosity and interests are essential ingredients. Thus, Russian literature, which until a little more than a half century ago had been the property of the small educated classes of Russia, was narrow and without vitality until there arose a literate, culturally restless, and critical public. The literatures of the Bulgarians, Czechoslovakians and modern Greeks date back only a few decades ago, when they awakened to nationalistic self-consciousness and began to flourish culturally and artistically.

Why did the Jews alone prove an exception? They passionately loved their origin and their people, they admired learning, they were intensely emotional

and had strong intellects. Yet they had no literature which could be considered the expression of their cultural, emotional and artistic ideals.

In the case of the Jews who lived outside of the Slavic countries there was a logical explanation for this. Everywhere, they found themselves in small numbers; in the midst of dominant, modernized, and cosmopolitan groups, who possessed a more perfect language and literature. Those Jews privileged to mingle with those among whom they lived, greedily and enthusiastically accepted their language and literature. The religious and devotedly nationalistic Jews spoke, wrote and dreamt in the language most dear to them—Hebrew. But they were a small minority. The greatest number of Jews no longer spoke or wrote Hebrew. It had become the language of the synagogue and the religious books. And many who repeated the Hebrew words in the synagogue did not understand their meaning. The meager Hebrew literature that sprang up here and there was thus to the people at large unknown and undesired.

IN the Slavic countries conditions were quite different. On account of their settlement in ghettos, their disenfranchisement and their peculiar autonomy, the Jews formed a state within a state. And in the ghettos, as far as economic and political conditions allowed, they developed a cultural, social and artistic life peculiarly their own. All spoke the same language, which was in itself the fruit of ghetto life. This

language was Judeo-German or Yiddish. Nearly everyone in the ghetto was able to read and write Yiddish, their mother tongue. So it was natural that there should rise a Yiddish literature to express the life, hopes and dreams of its speakers. Yet for centuries the Russian Jews had no literature.

MODERN Yiddish literature is only some forty-five years old, and that, in comparison with the five hundred years in which the language was spoken by this semi-autonomic and isolated group, is paradoxical. This, however, becomes explainable when we consider the attitude toward Yiddish held not only by the more fortunate Jews outside of Russia and Poland, but even by its speakers. Yiddish, everyone believed, was no language at all. The learned philologists diagnosed it as a dialect, a jargon belonging only to an inferior and semi-civilized people. The Jews of other countries called it a barbaric tongue and urged their coreligionists to adopt the dominant language of Russia as their mother tongue. Even the *Maskilim*, the reformationists and revolutionists of the ghetto, besought their brothers to exchange it for Hebrew or Russian.

In fact, several decades ago, Yiddish as a language was as unattractive as it was undeveloped. It consisted of a babel of tongues. It was a conglomeration of High German dialect which had long become archaic, of Hebrew, Spanish, Italian, and Slavic words, each with its own peculiar declension and

rules. Yiddish, then, had neither a definite grammar nor philological principles. Though it was rich in strange yet descriptive idioms, it had a small and incomplete vocabulary. No wonder, then, that those who had the talent and the urge to write did not want to use Yiddish. Then, too, there existed a popular prejudice against the printing of books in Yiddish. For Hebrew was still the language of the scribes and the learned. It was the language in which the Bible, the Talmud and all religious and books of learning were written. Many rabbis considered it a religious misdemeanor for one to read or write in the vernacular.

Yet, Yiddish was not inferior to the languages of other small nationalities living under similar conditions of social isolation and economic and political oppression. In the twelfth century, it had been a language not inferior to other Germanic tongues. But the many adversities of those who spoke it made the development of the language as abnormal and incomplete as that of the Jews themselves. In the twelfth century, when the crusades and persecutions by the Germans forced a large number of Jews to seek refuge in Russia and Poland—the then haven of refuge for all Jews,—they brought their language with them. This was Judeo-German—a pure, High German dialect of the middle Rhine section. This language was superior to the mixed Hebrew and Slavic which their coreligionists in the new home spoke. These German Jews soon became the most influential inhabitants of the ghetto. Thus Judeo-German became the language of most of the Jews who lived in the Slavic countries.

IN the course of adoption, Yiddish lost most of its purity. The intensely religious life, which became the chief characteristic of these Jews, necessitated the incorporation of many Hebrew words to express their religious and ritual life. The economic conditions called forth the addition of Slavic words. And the social life of this mixture of Jews gathered from all parts of the world forced the inclusion of a number of Aramaic, Italian and Spanish words. Thus Yiddish became a mixture of languages which, with the exception of Hebrew, were inferior to the original Judeo-German. This in itself lowered the cultural tone of the language. The fact that from time immemorial, Hebrew had been the medium for artistic and cultural expression of the people, did not foster the study and systematization of Yiddish.

In addition, the wretched life and condition of these Slavic Jews did not permit the advancement of this new jargon. Thus it happened that in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, Yiddish had already deteriorated into a new dialect. As a language it became inferior to most other languages of peoples whose cultural status was no higher than that of the Jews.

While more than half of the world's Jews spoke this tongue, there was no Yiddish literature. But its absence did not interfere with the increasing wealth of folk-lore and folk poetry among these Slavic Jews. Story-telling, boundless imagination and ingenious



"Beside Jakie's cradle stands a snow-white kid"

wit have always been the innate characteristics of the Jews.

Though the Russian and Polish Jews had no written literature they created a large and fascinating oral literature. Fairy tales, stories of religious and semi-religious nature, fables of imaginary animals and geography and cradle and folk poems were the beginnings of Yiddish literature. These are the first artistic expression of all peoples, and generally they abound in credulity, childishness and crudeness of thought. But the difference between the folk-lore of the Jews and that of other nations is the marked religious, moral and spiritual tone found in the fable or story, no matter how crude and illogical it may be.

The most popular and one of the first books to be printed in Yiddish was, of course, of religious nature. "*Zeena Ureena*," as this book was called, was, in the main, a Yiddish translation of

the Bible. In clear and simple style, it was written especially for women, who, unable to read Hebrew, were sadly ignorant of the Holy Book which was the life and soul of its people. But *Zeena Ureena* also contained many legends, which, though based on the various stories of the Bible, were, nevertheless, peculiarly different. Generally the heroes and characters were those of the Bible and the events only slightly changed. The original contributions were, however, great love for their God, their religion and their people, as well as complete freedom of the imagination.

THE story of the death of Moses can be taken as an example of the folk-lore found in the *Zeena Ureena*. The Bible tells us that God had informed Moses of his approaching death and the manner in which he was to disappear. But the imaginative minds of the Jews were not satisfied with this short and colorless story. A more dramatic and human tale was wanted. The *Zeena Ureena* states that Moses strongly objected to die. Life was dear and death gloomy and destructive. He even dared to argue with God. But God was indomitable. Had not Adam, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob died, and these men had been good, even better servants of God and men than Moses was. Death was the end of man. It was to come to all without any exceptions. Convinced that God would not grant him his wish, Moses appealed to the mercy of the sky and the earth. But they, too, were unapproachable. Moses then cried to the sun, moon, mountains and ocean and begged them to pray for him. Their answer was that they had to pray to God for mercy for themselves.

At last God had pity upon Moses and compromised. Either Moses was to die or Israel was to be destroyed. But though death was so greatly feared by Moses, he would not accept this compromise. "Better that I and others like me should die than the nation," was his answer. For this noble statement Moses was rewarded by being buried by the Almighty Himself and by winning the love of all Jews for all times. This story is an example of primitive folk-lore. God is given the attributes of a human being, he talks, argues and finally compromises with Moses. Moses speaks to nature and is answered by it. But the moral is evident and noble. The nation must live forever. The individual must always sacrifice himself for his people.

Each story of the Bible is treated in similar fashion by the *Zeena Ureena*. Anthropomorphism, humanization of nature, morality and righteousness as the highest good of men are interwoven with the original Bible story. The result is a very imaginative and entertaining tale.

THERE were also a vast number of stories of non-religious nature. These were saturated with imaginative possibilities and love of adventure so characteristic of the cruelly realistic life of the ghetto. Two books, "*The Story Book*" and "*Grandma's Story Book*," were compilations of the most popular of these stories and legends. These books, too, printed in Yiddish, were written for women. But the women and the children were not the only ones of the ghetto who found a world of wonder and delight in them. They were retold and even seriously discussed by the bearded, trouble-laden Jews there in the synagogue, away from the mocking glances of the women. These three books were to be found in almost every home of the ghetto. Many were the hours when the hopelessness, gloom and poverty of the Slavic Jew was forgotten in this absorption in the contrasting world of light and joy.

Both story books contained in addition to the stories and legends which grew out of the ghetto and religious life, a number of fairy tales belonging to the different nations among whom the Jews in their centuries of wandering had found temporary rest. The Arabian "*Thousand and One Nights*" appear here with many variations, as do German, English, Spanish and Russian folk-lore. But of particular interest to us are the stories that sprang directly from the ghetto. Such are the tales of supernatural animals, as marvelous as the Leviathan, in comparison to whom man is a tiny grain of sand. There were wild beasts of prodigious strength, who performed all sorts of impossible things. But always the animal was conquered by the love and presence of God and he always aided the Jew in his contact with danger and hatred.

A group of stories dealing with imaginary geography are more interesting because they are more original. To the Slavic Jew the world was very small and tangible. He scarcely ever went beyond the "Pale," the restricted area where all Jews were huddled together. Those who dared venture further were so cruelly forced back, that they never left it again. Thus their conception of geography was limited.

And to our modern scientific knowledge, their ideas of the world border on the ridiculous. One of their stories which has excited the imagination of every man, woman and child of the ghetto is about the river Sambation.

The river Sambation is a most wonderful phenomenon: During the week it spouts heavenwards huge mountain rocks. Its noise is deafening. But on Saturday, the day of rest, the river becomes peaceful. Once upon a time an inquisitive tailor sets out to find this wonder of wonders. From every Jew he meets he inquires the way. He even announces in the synagogues of the towns he passes through, his mission. But no one can give him any information. After traversing the length and breath of the world three times, he, undaunted, starts his travels over again.

SUDDENLY he comes upon the river. He is so terrified at what he sees that he falls down to pray. However, it happens to be late Friday afternoon. The clock strikes and the scene changes. Everything becomes quiet and beautiful. The tailor finds a ford, crosses to the opposite bank and, being tired, falls asleep on the grass. The tribe of Jews who live here are red giants. One of them, seeing the poor tailor, mistakes him for a grasshopper and puts him in his pocket. With the tailor still in his pocket, he goes to the bath house for his ablution and then to the synagogue. The tailor being a pious Jew, unconsciously calls out "amen" to the giant's prayer. The red Jews are astonished. The giant empties his pocket and finds the tailor. But no harm comes to him, for even these Jews respect the pious and godly, and the contented tailor never returns.

The prophet Elijah featured largely in the folk-lore of the Jews. The wonders he performed and the manner of his disappearance from the earth as related in the Bible have always fascinated the imagination of religious Jews. There are innumerable stories about him. His presence is always unknown and unseen by the Jew he wishes to aid or to chastise. And only after he has left, does one realize who the guest has been. Moses, too, often appears—always as the miracle performer and the father who helps his sorrowful children. But the most beloved and colorful of all visitors from the beyond is King David. He always returns to his people with harp, song and musicians—beauty and jollity.

Another group of popular legends deals with the life and adventures of

the Jewish Arabic philosopher and physician Maimonides, or "*Rambam*," as the Russian Jews call him. His work as physician to several Mohammedan princes, his extensive travels and his versatile learning were a rich source of these tales. He is depicted as the greatest of wizards, whose power lay in his knowledge of the hidden propensities of plants and animals. He could interpret dreams and could even transform himself into space. *Rambam's* ability to baffle learned physicians was astonishing. The greatest surgeons once assembled to perform an operation on a famous man. It was a most delicate and difficult operation. The skull had to be trepanned in order to remove a worm which was gnawing at the brain. But to perform such an operation, it would become necessary to cut the seventh membrane under the *dura mater*, and in that case the man would die. *Rambam*, then a young student, saved the situation by putting a cabbage leaf at the small opening of the seventh membrane. The worm, attracted by the leaf's odor wriggled out. Thus did *Rambam* save the life of the great man and himself become famous. The evidence of the Talmudic mind of the ghetto Jew is unmistakable here. Only one steeped in the subtle, yet often ludicrous reasoning of the Talmud, could have invented the cabbage leaf story.

SAINTS were heroes of many a tale. There was no doubt in the mind of the ghetto Jew that they existed. In fact, the presence of thirty-six saints in the world enabled it to exist. If not for their redemptive saintliness, the world, on account of the sins of man, would have long become extinct. These saints, or *lamedwowniks*, generally were poor, humble artisans who lived in disguise on the outskirts of the villages. In times of distress, when the rabbi himself could not save his wretched people from disaster, he would mysteriously be informed of the presence of a *lamedwownik* in the vicinity. The rabbi would go to him for help. Because of his piety and righteousness, the saint would be visited by an angel or God Himself, who would aid him in performing some miracle to save his people. Then the saint, refusing all honor and fame, would return quietly to his humble home and resume his former life. Here was an ideal of humility which Tolstoi propounded hundreds of years later.

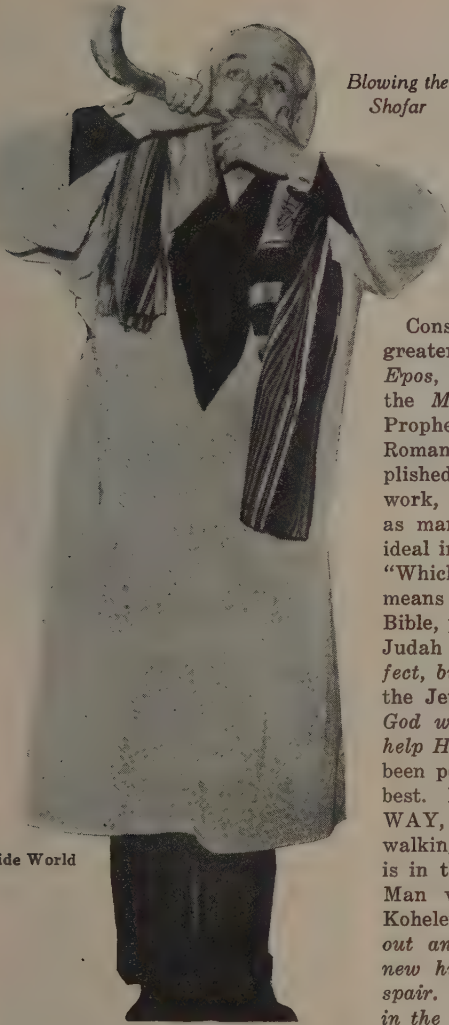
Many were the stories about the great rabbis and *gaonim*. And nearly

(Continued on Page 86)

Judaism in the World

By Joseph Zolin

Blowing the Shofar



© Wide World

FOR two thousand years the Old and New Worlds have been filled with unrest. In the times preceding these twenty centuries, the world saw merely political revolutions,—fights of peoples and of classes of peoples against each other for bread, power and money. But in all the lands of antiquity there was absolute uniformity in matters of the intellect, and of religion especially. Although the names of the gods were unlike, the idea of paganism remained constant.

The great change came when the spirit of Israel began to permeate the Roman Empire. We may say that this took place in the days of the Macca-beans and in those of Pompey. Then spiritual revolutions follow: Judaiza-tion, Christianization, expansion of Is-lam and Social Reform. These are altogether Jewish influences. Where-ever Jews appeared or their spirit be-came manifest, the world ceased to be a quiet world.

Consider poetry. Can one imagine a greater contrast than that of a Greek *Epos*, or even a Greek tragedy, and the *Massa*, the charge of a Jewish Prophet? The ideal of the Greek and Roman was art, something accom-plished, a finished perfect and stable work, whereas the spirit of the Jew, as manifested in the Bible, found his ideal in an imperative: There shall be. "Which God created to work"—this means progress. Ever and again the Bible, prophets, rabbis, philosophers in Judah repeat: "*The world is not per-fect, but must be made perfect.*" And the Jewish mystic adds: "*Daily does God work to better the world; Man, help Him!*" Nothing, nobody has ever been perfect. Man must try to do his best. He must go on, he has only the WAY, the activity, his individuality in walking. The GOAL, the perfection, is in the power of God, of God alone. Man will never reach the goal; as Koheleth says, *Man must go on with-out an end. He comes always to a new hindrance, but he shall not de-spair. "Hark, one calleth: Clear ye in the wilderness the way of the Lord, make plain in the desert the highway of our God. Every valley shall be lifted up and every mountain and hill shall be made low and the rugged shall be made level and the rough places a plain; and the glory of God shall be revealed and all flesh see it together."* And so the Talmud says: "*The wise never find rest, neither in this world nor in the future world.*"

SUCH words seem terrific at first hearing. This is Revolution. Of course it is, and there is no doubt whatever that the Jewish Spirit brought Revolution into the world, but not to destroy it, not even to hurt it, only to save it from stagnation. What to the Greeks was mythology—the fight of Gods as expressed in the sculptures of Pergamum—to the Jew-ish mind revealed itself as a present, ever-present program. Wherever this program or message was made known, the nations, let us rather say the rulers of nations, began to tremble. The

mightiest kings and emperors became frightened, they saw flames at the walls of their palaces writing strange signs: Tomorrow something will hap-pen, something that will overwhelm us. Such was the feeling of the imperators. It meant for all the courtiers in the palace of Augustus, what Horace says in the first book of his odes: "*Ask not about tomorrow, enjoy the present. Enjoy, but do not work and worry.*" The Roman poet is only the mouthpiece of a fear that already, since the days of Cicero, had come over those who enjoyed a time-hallowed power given them by the swords of the legions and by the axes of the lictors.

WHEREVER the Jewish spirit did not come, we see still in our days: rest, satisfaction, stiffness, inflexibility, sleep, lethargy. This is the mentality of the far-East, the world of the wise men of India and China. They too say: "You cannot change anything." This "Never touch!" rings through Asia and resounds in the Kismet of the Muslim, although the Koran says that Allah can change things—in *sha*—if he likes. So the Eastern world is the territory of the past, perhaps of the present moment, too. But the West-ern world, the world influenced by Judaism, either directly or indirectly, is the domain of the future.

In the Latin language and in all Romance Languages we see that there is no original future. They say: To finish I have—*finir*—*ai*. I go to finish—*je vais finir*—is the innovation, the influence of the new spirit. Jewish mentality, however, makes the idea of the future predominant. The imperfect is the future, and the past can be easily transformed into the future. So the Jewish mind created even a double way of futurity. Such an idea as *Hayyamim habbaim* or *Ahhariith Hayyamim*, far-future, was not in the sphere of the classic peoples. The interest in the latter and last days is characteristic of the Jew. He likes to see *Takh-lith* the aim, and *gibt nichts fuer Gewesenes*. These are well-known words, I suppose. Always thinking of

"The Blessing of Sabbath"
 Reproduction of the painting by the
 Russian artist Axmezy, now hanging
 in the E. G. Hirsch Center, Chicago.

the future opens the eyes for new possibilities, causes changes, revolution, as soon as there will appear an opportunity. There comes always a new sign and a new voice: "In this sign, conquer." If the sign was not Jewish—it was, namely the *Tau*, the last letter of the Hebrew alphabet in its old archaistic form and originally not at all the cross—the "conquer" at least is a Jewish idea, as one may find in Psalm XX. In Israel there was unknown a *MOIRA* or *HEIMARMENE* (Fate) mastering even Father Zeus; there the tomorrow was given to Man, and did not reign a *dira necessitas*, grown somewhere in the mysteries of the past and holding sway over Olympus, although readable in stars, flying birds, rustling oaks and similar things. The Christians and the Moslems, Protestants and social reformers would not have won their fight without the encouragement of the Jewish thought of future: "I shall, I will." *Arutz gedud, adalleg shur*. "For by Thee I shall run upon a troop, and by my God do I scale a wall." Within this idea still another conception is implied. Nietzsche calls it mockingly: slave morality. Let us examine the morals of slave-holders.

ONE of the fatal shortcomings of history seems to be that it has almost always been written by the victors. Even when the subdued do try to write history, they must undergo a process of confessing: "We are guilty." Whosoever has won a victory is good, just, excellent—no doubt God was with him, God must have been with him. The victor says: "I must be victor for all time." Then he not only takes from the weaker whatever he can, maiming even the sucklings for life-time, but writes history, too. He is the better one; and, as the better one, he prescribes, he decrees how in days to come men shall think of him, how they shall judge him—no other sources for learning the truth remaining.

All histories have been written by the mightier, all but one. Only one history exists, written by those who have been conquered and trodden down, who have been inferior, weak and few. This is the history of the Jews, the history you read in the Bible and in the Jewish literature following it. Only once the subdued (not the slaves—we know only slaves of their passions; all other men are free, even if born in dungeons) wrote history.



They were particularly able to write their history, because they believed in their future, were sure, absolutely sure of their future. The Jewish spirit saw in the idea that the successful must be good and the conquered bad, in the idea of the *kratistos-aristos*, expressed in the word of the Gaul: *Vae victis*—Woe to the conquered (once spoken against the Romans, then adopted by the Romans themselves in their conquests and occupations)—an axiom of Paganism, the first commandment of self-deification.

ALL the prophets of Israel say unanimously that success does not give justification, that ephemeral victory, victory, past or present, does not prove real and lasting superiority. There is no sanction, nor sanctification whatever of a *right*, besides that of having and *showing* moral greatness and higher fitness to do good deeds, *by doing* them. To kneel down before success and give the more fortunate the permission of deciding what is right and what is wrong—this is an act of idolatry. So thought the prophets and the Maccabeans and the rabbis in the times of Rabbi Akiba and Rabbi Ishmael. The two-fold morality of the lords and the serfs, the great and the little, the rich and the poor, the men and the women, has always been condemned in Israel. "One law shall be to him that is home-born and unto the stranger that sojourneth among you." This word rings through all the sacred Jewish literature. This idea of the Jewish history that there

exists no right of the stronger, of the superior man and the superior nation and superior race has given the weak their extraordinary strength.

WHEREVER this idea came, unrest arose. Who does not remember the words of Chanuka: "Thou in Thine abundant mercy didst rise up in the time of Thy people's trouble, Thou didst plead their cause, Thou didst judge their suit, Thou didst avenge their wrong, Thou deliverest the strong into the hands of the weak, the many into the hands of the few, the impure into the hands of the pure, the wicked into the hands of the righteous and the arrogant into the hands of the loyal."—This was not meant as boasting, it was a solace in darker times that followed. Therefore the light of Chanuka was always an offense to the idolators of power, the worshippers of force. Wherever this light of God the Helper, this radiance of the Jewish mind has not yet found its reflex, there we find a domineering idea: "Life without suffering is the highest form of life."

Long before Christianity, Buddhism had its monasteries, isles of undisturbedness amidst the breakers of the mighty ocean World. "Flee from life, for it is suffering." So the monks said, in India and in Egypt. In Egypt the monks were of the religion of salvation by death. This religion condemned pain, was not at all hopeful, in spite of the miracle of salvation, and did not remember the loving confidence of the Psalmist who many hundreds of

years ago had sung in Israel the courageous song: "*Though I walk in the midst of trouble, Thou quickenest me and Thy right hand doth save me.*" No doubt, we long all of us for peace, quiet, safety. Often we would like to flee the world. There came times in Israel, too, times of persecution, when life itself became desolate—then solitude was recommended by mystics; the recluse Essenes and the modern solitary Chasids of the eastern lands. But fundamentally, monkhood disgusts Judaism, which has no room for world-weary Werthers. For there is something gay in Judaism, something like the marching tunes of troops of scouts. We are always ready for New land.

THE Jewish religion is not a pattern-book for anybody's imitation, no inheritance, but a lively activity of acquiring; no donation, *Gnade*, but devotion, task. *Torah* does not mean doctrine, as a sum of axioms or theorems. It is rather a sum of advice to self-government, a sum of practical *mitzvot*, of commandments, imperatives, duties. Where there is such a commandment—a summons to a task—there is also in the soul of a good scout in the regiment of life, a little jollity, *ssimcha shel mitzva*. Nevertheless there is also fighting; sacrifices are wanted. There the tragedy begins, the great tragedy of life. Whosoever wishes to stand for a good cause cannot go the way of least resistance. He must oppose, as Goethe says, *allen Gewelten*. Unconsciously we may slip down to the Wrong, to the Good we must rise, fight, overcome.

The pious is always a martyr. Antiquity had no piety. *Pietas* means simply cleanliness or washing off of stains. Nor were there martyrs. You may think that there was one in Greece: Socrates. But he was not. He did not love life, prefer life: he despised life. We might not be right in calling him at odds with the world, but certainly he was all too *ataraktos*, indifferent. The first martyrs were among the Jews. They died for virtue. For them "Thou shalt" was both the arming for life's battles and the crown of life. To live, included for them, to die. They did not merely wish to live, they wished to be. In all antiquity, unknown and eluding all attempts of translation into Greek and Latin, as *Septuaginta* and *Vulgata* show, is the imperative of love without restriction, **BEKHOL LEBABEKHA UBEKHOL NAFSHEKHA UBEKHOL MEODEKHA**. For the last word even the richest modern languages have not yet an equivalent. This fullness of love makes the martyr—this not despairing,

not even for a moment; this smiling amid pain; this knowing and proclaiming of godly, unique love. If there have been real martyrs outside of Israel and if through these the ideas that spread from Israel have become victorious, this was possible only by imitation of the Jewish martyrs and their motto: "Give Thyself and win." This enabled minds and movements that had their origin in Judaism to win the hearts of men.

The martyrs, not the victors, make the world tremble. Antiquity was fond of compromising. Virtue, *arete*, meant following *aurea mediocritas*—the "golden mean." Judaism demands something else: *Tzedek, tzedek tirdof*. Righteousness, be on both sides and be one, one in pain and one in joy, one to serve the One and to serve all. Judaism destroyed the easy path of compromise and blazed the way of hardship and resolution. There was no possibility of using the sacred groves of Palestinian paganism, the places of incest and human sacrifice, as sanctuaries for the Lord of Israel. They could not build chapels over the altars of Baal and Astarte. They asked again and again: "Be complete with Thy God." A silent, mild toleration of idolatry, so characteristic of Confucius' doctrine, could find no place in the ranks of those who repeated twice daily: "*Adonai is but one.*"

SO we may proudly say that we are the people of unrest—because we are the people of justice, love and truth, because we are the people of Him who never sleeps nor slumbers.

Still we have rest of a specific Jewish type. And this type has been adopted by others, although somewhat modified, in spite of the ten commandments and all the historic sanctions. Our Sabbath is a consequence of our idea of perfection. The Bible says: "God finished his work and rested." We, too, must first be restless, until we finish our work and then rest. The Jewish Sabbath had no forerunner, neither in Babylon nor in Egypt. From the Yellow Sea to the Atlantic and from there back to the Pacific, from Pole to Pole, no other people found a Sabbath for master and servant—and for the horse, too. In this Jewish Sabbath, unrest has been transformed into rest. All the impetuosity of the mind, all the storm and stress, has been mitigated, softened, calmed, brought to a standstill. This Sabbath is the deepest of the deep thoughts created by the Jewish mind. Its most sublime grandeur is revealed in the tenth of *Tishri*, the Sabbath of Sabbaths, the day of covering over the sinner, of the hover-

ing of the Divine Love over the restless human heart and giving it peace. "Be still and know that I am God."

The original meaning of the verb *shabath* is: be out of motion. The noun *Shabbat* is *Stopper*, bringer to a standstill. In Babylonia, the word and the name of the day exist, but not the idea. There *Shabatu* is related to "destroy" and *Shabbattay*—the Saturn, the Star-god of Destruction. But the Jewish Sabbath does not bring the stillness of the grave though all rest is a succumbing. For if one succumbs in body, he may rise in spirit. This was indeed the intention of the Sabbath. To this succumbing, to this tragedy of life, a halo of glory was added. Even the Jewish martyr felt with delight that he had reached loving God *bechol me'odo*, his own destiny, *me'ado*, his Sabbath of Life, the goal of his personal existence. Sabbath is not merely rest, reposing, sitting idle. On the contrary it means having leisure for something high. Its contrast is: "Not having time, being too busy." Having no time, being unable to join in something good, to grow better, to help others, this is anti-sabbatarian, plebeian, vulgar, vile—so vile that there is nothing lower. Those whose life is only a rushing and running without satisfaction given or won, profane the Sabbath. For those who wish to be Jew, "Sabbath means: have time to listen to the messages of the spirit, to listen to your brother and sister in pain and trouble as well as in joy. Have time for God, for your soul, for your heart, for yourself—if you have lost yourself in your unrest."

This is the grand idea of the Jewish Sabbath: the Jew shall make an armistice with the world around him once a week, if only for a few hours, for a peaceful evening at home, for an hour or two of service. He must gain this time for the higher pleasure of being free, of being a man, an aristocrat. There is no other way of making aristocrats of the Jews, or rather of protecting the old Jewish aristocracy from degeneration, becoming *shofel*, than *preserving the Sabbath*.

OTHER peoples took much from us. A real Jewish Sabbath has not yet been imitated. There was not the Jewish unrest, and so therefore not the Jewish rest. But if all men would find a real Sabbath, a Sabbath of the heart, we should have universal peace. Among others the warrior has been respected. He has been considered great. In Israel only the King of Peace was allowed to build the Temple of the Lord. Even as Israel coined

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"By the Waters of Babylon"
By I. Shelesnyak

Art and Idolatry

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the Jewish People's Institute

By B. Marc Revsine

A MISTY fall day nears its end.—The night shadows rapidly gather over Chicago. Innumerable autos, street cars and other vehicles, with their lights on, hastily search their way through the crowded streets of the West side. Busy forms of pedestrians continually appear in the streams of light projected in the street through the open bays of the stores, and suddenly vanish in the shadowy spots, or in the side-streets.

Here, the lit-up windows of the apartment houses look absently into the street, all aglow with their inner life. The passersby in this part of the town remind one of sleep-walkers, groping through the dark in search of a fireplace. A young man and a young girl turn into the alley of an official-looking building and disappear in the dark. And again you have this indefinite feeling that they too are in pursuit of a place of rest and happiness, away from this misty and chilly fall night. With a quick resolve I follow them . . . They walk down a flight of stairs and turn into a long hall. They disappear behind a door. . . .

I enter. Around a large table in the center of a spacious room, a handful of young people are busily drawing, cutting, carving. They are silent. Their eyes are fixed on their work. From time to time they look up, as though following some invisible model, or one visible only to them, in the shadowy corners of the hall. The walls are covered with friezes, designs and ornamental objects, naive, grotesque incarnations of their dreams of yesterday. And as I glance up at these products of their craftsmanship, ranged along the walls, and before I even have time to examine them, I am suddenly struck with a vision of the past. *My childhood!* The poor, old forgotten cradle, in which my mother lulled me to sleep. Has it been, by some miracle, brought over here? And yes, of course, *she* too is here; bent, worn, but happy, weary and yet happy tears glittering in her eyes. And above I can still see the Lion of Jehuda, so majestic and, oh, so loyal—to the very bottom of his generous heart—watching over mother and child.

But where is the goat, this busy goat

from under my cradle, always traveling between Danzig and my corner to get the raisins and almonds for me, while I am growing up to start studying the *Torah*? And here, I knew it well, is the wolf. You know, this wolf of the tribe of Benjamin, ready to leave as soon as you look at him. Why does he never make peace with us and be kind and mingle with the family? Why this mistrust? After all, isn't he one of our fold? Poor, lonely wolf of Benjamin!

AND I would rather not look at all at the snake! All it knows to do is to hide in the way and bite "the horse's heels, so that his rider falleth backward." In this foggy night, I will rather turn my eyes to the familiar candlesticks, blessed by two delicate hands . . . my mother's hands! She is covering her face in an ecstatic gesture of blessing; I can almost see her eyes through her trembling rosy fingers . . . And here in a corner is a gilded chariot,—without any doubt the very chariot in which Joseph rode

the furnace of monotheism? The murmur of a rivulet; the shadowy groves in the moonlight; the dreamy lakes,

On either side are emblems of the Tribes of Israel



through the streets of the Egyptian capital, with heralds running before him, shouting "Kneel down!" And the *Torah*, of course. It is omnipresent in this place of tangible shadows: you will find it majestically unrolled upon many shields, interwoven as motif in candlesticks and other familiar objects of the Jewish home.

"Sentimental!". . . Who just uttered this word? Todros Geller! A little man, with a face reflecting quiet, energetic faith, the pilot of this young brood about to take its first artistic flight, and my kind guide through this little exhibition. He speaks in a pensive voice, and I believe that his voice is one of his magical tricks of recalling to life the old shadows of the ghetto, and of the land of Canaan, and of laying bare the deepness of soul of the Eternal Jew.

Yes, all this is rather sentimental, I thought, closing the gate and glancing backwards at the well-lighted four-story building of the Jewish People's Institute. It seemed to me that the lights of the Jewish People's Institute were also turned inward, away from the street, away from today's life. Does this backward look not betray a lack of vitality?—I asked myself. What is the exact meaning of this evocation of the past I have just witnessed? Is it a last regret for the old, extinct ghetto by people who failed to adapt themselves to conditions of modern life, or is it the beginning of a new emotional event, of a Jewish art? Is the Jewish genius about to find a new channel and to bring down one more revelation to humanity?

II

JEWISH art? Even Jewish *plastic* art? A paradox! Was it not the Jew who stripped nature bare of her thousand charms in throwing it into



Above, Pessah cupboard surmounted by shrine for candelabrum, and tribal emblems. Below, Blessing of the Sabbath lights.



charming meadows, lofty mountains, stormy waves of the ocean; who was it, if not the Jew with his stern: "Thou shalt not make unto thee a graven image of anything of that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth" who frightened away from them the gentle spirits—the graceful nymphs, the nereids, the sylphs. And yet, the Jew has not remained insensible to the charms of nature. Only, his extremely sensitive ear caught a common strain, an analogy of charm in the murmur of the forest, the splashing of the wave, the gentle breath of the zephyr. And so, instead of melting into the cosmos through the channel of an isolated natural phenomenon, he admired God in nature. To him, the thousand voices of nature simply meant the different sounds of the voice of the only God. "The voice of the Lord is upon the waters. . . The voice of the Lord is full of majesty. . . The voice of the Lord breaketh the cedars. . . The voice of the Lord shaketh the wilderness and strippeth the forests bare."

Especially in the domain of plastic art has the Jew lately been denied any creative genius. From Renan to Jacard, the reasoning ran: It is not because the Jew has been forbidden by his religion to create any graven image that he did not practice plastic art; but, quite on the contrary, knowing himself inferior in the conception of plastic form, feeling that he lacks any plastic sense, he, making of necessity a virtue, forbid himself to mingle with the art.

A peculiar logic, indeed, to explain the second commandment as a kind of legal justification of a lack of plastic ability: A law solemnly forbidding something nobody wants to do! Would it

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Chanuka- the Cinderella of Jewish Festivals

By Rabbi
Edgar F. Magnin



Chanuka at Home

CHANUKA, the Feast of Rededication, is with us again. This beautiful festival of courage, of loyalty of struggle for spiritual freedom will bring cheer and joy to the hearts of thousands upon thousands of Jews. Many Jews will be indifferent to it. Sad to state, they will not even know when it occurs. And there are among our peculiar people yet others who will celebrate it with a sort of half-hearted spirit. To them it is a kind of poor relative. Not altogether to be ignored or forsaken, but just a little bit of a nuisance.

You see, it comes right on the edge of Christmas. The children are taught in the religious schools that *Chanuka* is "their Christmas." But this simple explanation does not quite explain. All the other children have Christmas trees, big, beautiful, luxurious trees, covered with tinsel and toys, sparkling with a hundred colored candles. Poor Jewish children, they must not have trees. (Many of them do.) *Chanuka* candles are few and insignificant. What is more, one can't hang presents on them or at least he doesn't. Then there is no Santa Claus, no stockings hanging on chimneys. Our poor ancestors had a very limited supply of hosiery at best. They were glad to have one pair to last them for all occasions.

And so the children pout and look sad. It is Christmas time, all are receiving and exchanging gifts. The marts are crowded with people buying and selling. Excitement is in the air. How can poor *Chanuka* compete with all this grandeur? Well, we go through the form. We sing "*Mooz Zur*," or Rock of Ages, to the old-time traditional melody. We have amateur entertainments. We light our few candles. Boxes of candy are given out in Sunday School. But it is not the same. Israel has lost something. Israel has lost much. And there is nothing to compensate for the loss. Our children are just a bit cheated. We know it. They know it. Such is the penalty of a minority living amid a majority that differs from it in many respects. *Chanuka*, beautiful *Chanuka*, older than Christmas, has become a step-sister, a poor relation. She does not don silks and satins. Like Cinderella, she does not attend the prince's ball. She must stay home by the fire-side and be content.

Meanwhile we have no apologies to make for *Chanuka*. At least those of us who are Jewish Jews and know the glorious history and traditions of our people and the spirit that permeates our religion, still love *Chanuka*, take

it to our bosom and live it in spirit. And we try to bring to our kiddies the real meaning and the lesson of this festival and engender in their hearts the pride and privilege of being a Jew. *Chanuka* can never be revived again in the same way that it existed in ghetto days, but *Chanuka* can be made dignified and impressive if every Jewish religious school, and more especially every Jewish home, impresses upon our children the real importance of this festival and the part it played in civilization.

To begin with, there would be no Christmas if there had been no *Chanuka*. This ought to be emphasized and stressed before every Jewish child. Had Antiochus and the forces represented by him conquered the Jewish heart and soul, had Judaism been overthrown and assimilated, and Hellenism alone prevailed, there would have been no Jews left to give birth to the founder of Christianity and no Jewish religion in which he was reared and which he drew upon in enunciating his teachings.

Then again, *Chanuka* comes to us with many a great lesson. It typifies and exemplifies the suffering and martyrdom of the Jew in every generation. Jesus the Jew was killed for the things he believed and so have many Jews

suffered and died for the things they believed, at the hands of those who claimed to be his followers and never understood his doctrines or the spirit that lay underneath them. The Jewish people have gone through a perpetual crucifixion. In Poland and in other parts of central and eastern Europe they are being crucified right now in a dozen different ways. Surely people can not die and suffer for nothing. A religion that has made such demands upon people from the very beginning of time must have given something in return. It must have been worth sacrificing oneself for.

And our children and our Jewish people generally ought to know what the Hebraic contribution to civilization has been and how much it has meant to humanity. Hebraism and Hellenism were both necessary for the salvation of the world and are both at the basis of culture and civilization today. Greek thought and life brought to the world the choicest fruits of logic, philosophy, art. They taught the aesthetics of the physical; lines, curves, form, light, shadow, they understood perfectly. And the beautiful is divine also. It is necessary to happy and healthy-minded living. They laid the foundation for modern science and philosophy.

THE Greeks were a great people. Let us not underestimate them or what they did for humanity. But the Jews gave the world something better and even more necessary. The Jews taught the world religion, the beauty and aesthetics of righteousness, the lesson of the one God, the one universe, the one humanity. Our prophets derided injustice, proclaimed against man's inhumanity to man. They were enemies of poverty. They proclaimed the law of the jubilee and the Sabbatical year. They plead in behalf of the stranger, the widow, and the orphan. They challenged kings and princes, and showed the futility of horses and chariots. They painted pictures, not on canvas, but on the heart, and dreamt dreams of universal peace and good will. They anticipated all the social legislation and reform of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. They foreshadowed the end of all wars and battles between nations. The Word of God was their text-book. They spoke with the power and passion of great spiritual geniuses. They made Bibles and paved the way for other faiths. And to preserve all this, Judas



"Who is for the Lord Come to Me"

Maccabeus and his little band, inspired by his aged father, Mattathias, defied a mighty nation, rescued the Temple and the faith from pollution. Rededicated and reconsecrated was the Temple of the Lord. They lit anew the fires on the altar and the eternal



Chanuka Lamp

light, the Light that shines in every human heart and soul, that some day will redeem the dark places of the world, the dungeons of stone and the prisons of ignorance.

And again, the lesson of *Chanuka* is the lesson of the spirit versus the material in the matter of numbers. It is significant and proper that there should be so few *Chanuka* lights, and that the *Chanuka* lamp be simple and unadorned. Jews have always been in the minority. They always will be. But this does not mean inferiority. Many of our *goyish* Jews, who are imbued with the slave psychology and can not call their souls their own, think that because we are few, we must represent something wrong. Very often the minority has saved the world. The prophets and dreamers of mankind, including the Jewish founder of Christianity, have generally stood alone. It is more difficult to stand alone. It requires far more courage to protest than it does to join the mob. Our word "vulgar" is derived from the Latin *vulgus*, which means the mob. *Hoi polloi* comes from the Greek meaning "the many—the populace." It is a term generally used in derision. It is no sin that Jews have stood alone. It is no loss that *Chanuka* can not compete with the glory and grandeur of Christmas.

After all it is another reminder of the lesson of our history and spirit of our religion that Jews must not place their faith in material things or be exalted in material or numerical power, but rather in the things of the spirit.

I BEAR in my heart no feelings of bitterness toward my Gentile friends. Christmas is a beautiful festival. It teaches a glorious lesson. I only pray that its lesson might be impressed upon their hearts and be carried out in their lives and in the history of nations. And I would have them remember that they are celebrating the birthday of a great Jew. But I would not have *Chanuka* made shabby or become ignored by my Jewish co-religionists. I want it to occupy a place in their hearts. I want them to be proud of it. I want them to truly rejoice in it, understand it and its importance and significance in the light of history, what it meant for the preservation of Judaism and the way in which it made Christianity possible. I want our Jewish boys and girls in America not to forget their past history and traditions, but to know the stock from which they sprang. I want them to love their past.

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The History of Yiddish Literature

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every village could boast of at least one rabbi who performed miracles. Some could read dreams, arrest the workings of nature and pass sentences that were binding even on ghosts. One *gaon* created a *Golem*, a vivified clay man who would do the biddings of his master and then turn back into an unrecognizable mass of clay. Once when the spooks began to invade their houses, the Jews went to the *gaon* of Wilna, who, after pondering the situation, passed a law ordaining the spooks to live in the underground part of the houses, while the human beings were to live in the part above ground. The over-awed ghosts obeyed.

The Jews of the "Pale" not only had a representative folk-lore, but also a large number of folk songs. The unwritten poetry, the folk song, was another and truer expression of the ghettos. Everyone in the ghettos sang, though often with a wistful look in his eyes and a tear in his voice. For as soon as man becomes conscious of the inner voice within him, as soon as he begins to reason and to feel, he begins to sing, to express his emotions and longings in rhythmic utterances. The primitive, semi-civilized peoples have always had their poetry, which differs from that of more cultured peoples only by deficiencies in rhyme, rhythm and the presentation of clear and artistic imagery.

Thousands of years ago, the Jews had created a highly perfected poetry. It had been the language of the great prophets and of the many poets and thinkers who followed down the long path of Jewish history. But Hebrew poetry was little known in the Russian and Polish ghettos. Neither the man at his work, nor the mother sitting by her child's cradle, could sing, could give vent to their feelings in Hebrew. The ghetto sang in its mother tongue, Yiddish. Its poetry, therefore, though possessing depth and feeling, lacked literary form.

Centuries of abnormal conditions had made the Jew a city dweller, an artisan and a man of commerce. The wonder and beauty of the world of nature held no interest for him. Nature was no harmonious entity, of which he was only a part. He had no kinship with flowers, or clouds, or stars. Outside of himself, he knew only his duties to God and his duties to Man, as flowing from these duties to God. He did not

sing of the splendors of nature. His was a sad and thoughtful song, pervaded with earnestness, with the duties of man and with the problems of life.

Even the cradle songs, which among all other peoples are the most joyful of all, are here moody and serious. There are neither senseless rhymes nor stories of animals and giants. Childhood was short and clouded in the ghetto. The mother sitting beside the cradle, scarcely ever felt care-free. Rocking the cradle, she thought of her child's future struggles and possible success. Even in his cradle the child heard the words—*Torah*, *Talmud*, and *learning*. From his mother's lips he heard that piety and righteousness are the greatest good. In a sad, sweet voice, the Ghetto mother sang:

*"Hinter Jankeles Wiegele
Steht a klar-weiss Ziegele:
Ziegele is'gefahren handeln
Rozinkelach mit mandlen.
Rozinkelach mit Mandlen.
Sanen die beste S-chore,
Jankele wet lernen Tore,
Tore wet er lernen,
Briewelach wet er schreiben,
Un' an ehrlicher Jud'
Wet er af tomid verbleiben."*

(Behind Jakie's little cradle stands a little snow white kid. The kid has gone a-bartering raisins and almonds. Raisins and almonds are the best wares. (But) Little Jakie will study the Law, the Law he will study, (even) letters he will write, and an honest Jew he will always remain.)

But learning, *Torah* and commerce were not for girls. Their career lay in marriage and children. Their ambition was to have a learned and a wise husband and gifted and pious children. So the mother sang to her baby girl:

Sorele's Chosen wet lernen Tore.

(Little Sarah's sweetheart will learn Law.)

The ghetto child heard no pretty nursery rhymes. No poems were written for his delight. If someone had recited such a rhyme as: "*Hey, diddle, diddle, the cat and the fiddle.*"

to him, he would have looked with round, black, astonished eyes and laughed at such nonsense. He would probably have even felt insulted at being made game of. The Jewish child knew only such poems as:

*West doch sein a grossinker,
West doch sein a Tanai;
West deine Eltern,
Bazieren un bascheinen,
Paast doch nicht far dir,
Solst peschchenen un weinen.*

(You will be grown up, you will be a genius (of learning). You will adorn and beautify your parents; so it does not befit you to pout and cry.)

Very few Yiddish folk songs sing of love. In the ghetto, love, outside of marriage and the home, was unknown. There, children of the age of thirteen and fourteen were married. And at that age one is hardly enough developed to understand and feel love. Though married life had its trials and tribulations, yet it was for them the ideal state of love. So there are songs about marriageable girls, about matchmakers, about dowries and about trousseaus. Here there was ground for jollity, and these are the most cheerful of all Yiddish folk songs. One girl sings:

*Schoen bin ich, schoen, un schoen
is'mein Namen:
Redt man mir Schiduchim vun grosse
Rabonim."*

(Pretty I am, pretty, and pretty is my name; they talk of great Rabbis as matches for me.)

But the song of another girl is not so hopeful:

*Sitz' ich mir auf'n Stein
Nemmt mir an a gross Gewein;
Alle Maedlach haben Chassene,
Nor ich bleib' allein.*

(I sit upon a stone, and am seized with great weeping: all girls get married, but I remain single.)

There are many poems of sadder refrain—songs that deplore the miseries of widows, of orphans and of ill-treated stepchildren. In fact, every aspect of the semi-tragic and semi-comic life of the ghetto was expressed in rhymed and rhythmic words and were sung, laughed and cried over. But it was only in the nineteenth century that many of these folk-songs were written down and printed. These, together with the collection of legends and stories, comprised the beginnings of Yiddish literature.

But this small printed compilation of folk-lore did not stimulate the growth of Yiddish literature. The middle of the nineteenth century still saw no literary attainments of the Jews of the Slavic countries. At a time when almost every nation of Europe had its own highly perfected literature, the Russian and Polish Jews had none. No one thought of or wanted to write in the despised jargon.

Hannah's Children

By Yossef Gaer

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Illustrated by C. H. Kellner



SYNOPSIS

MOYSHELE, the thirteen-year old son of Hannah, a poor widow of Yanovke, has entered a new school, which differs from the traditional cheder he had heretofore attended. Hannah complains bitterly to her daughter Elka, who is visiting her, that her children are drifting away, and expresses her dissatisfaction at the change Moyshela has made. She fears that the new school does not foster sufficiently the religious feelings of the pupils,—encouraging them to drift away from strict adherence to Judaism.

MOYSHELE comes home and instead of singing the Evening Prayers as he used to, he hurries through them and sits by the stove and reads. On Saturdays he seeks excuses for not going to synagogue, and reads. And what does he read—do I know? Besides, I'm afraid Yankel is a Free-thinker."

"And how does Moyshela like his new school?"

"He didn't like it in the beginning. But now he hasn't enough praise for it. And he is very fond of Rivkah. Maybe you know what he sees in her?"

"She is a very good soul."

"Maybe, but no one can deny that she was about to elope with a Goy before she married Yankel."

Surprised to hear her mother speak so harshly, Elka raised her eyes and was about to reproach her, but noticing the cold jealous glint in her mother's eyes, she understood the fear that troubled the mother heart.

"He doesn't see Rivkah very often, and there's no fear she can have any influence over him."

"He sees her enough. Everybody in town knows that Reb Yitzik-Mair has to thank her for his misfortune."

"Why her?"

"Because she led his boy from the straight path. If not for her, Nochim would never have become what he did, and would not have had such an end."

"He was a very good man, mother, a very good man."

"A very good man and hung for treason!"

"For the good of Humanity—for the good of Humanity!"

Hannah noticed a faint blush on her daughter's face, and it suddenly dawned upon her—

"Daughter," she said in a trembling voice, "Daughter, is that why—?"

Elka did not raise her eyes from her sewing, and was silent. Finally she said: "That is not why, mother. You will excuse me. I cannot explain. He was only one of many reasons—But let us not talk of that."

"If only you would promise me not to mix with that crowd I would feel at ease."

Elka raised the blouse she was sewing and inspected it.

"Do you promise?" Hannah pleaded.

"Why do you torture yourself like this, mother?"

"Remember, Elka, what they did to Reb Yitzil-Mair's son! You are playing with fire! It is treason!"

"That's why—"

IF God didn't want the Tzar to be ruler he wouldn't have chosen him. The Jews have sinned—that is why God gives us such a bad ruler."

IT is not a question of Jews, mother, nor of Russia. It is a Great Cause, and includes every downtrodden and oppressed living being under

the sun. But what did I hear today: Aunt Mindel's daughter becomes a bride next week and will marry soon?"

"Yes. Your uncle gives her eight hundred rubles dowry, and of course with such a fortune he gets a nice young man."

"Who is the boy?"

"From Kilovke. He is very well versed in Talmud, and has a rich father."

Like a mad wind Gitele raced into the room with Moyshela at her heels.

"Good-evening! See what I have!"

"Child, my child! How you frightened me!"

"But see, mother—perhaps ten, or a dozen."

"Who gave them to you?" Hannah asked in surprise as she counted the paper-covered candy.

GUESS! Don't tell her, Moyshela!"

"Shimon?"

"Shimon!"

"Give me all that candy right away. Shimon must have stolen it. And remember, I don't want you to have anything to do with that boy. Let's see, you have nine pieces. Take them back to his father and tell him Shimon gave them to you."

"No, mother, don't do that!" Elka interfered.

"Maybe you think it's right for her to take candy from that Golem? It is the second time he offers candy to her."

"No, it isn't right, and she won't take any more from him. Will you, Gitele?"

"I didn't know where he got them. If he steals them I wouldn't take them again."

"But what shall we do with this?"

"Don't you see, mother, if you send these back to Mordechai he will give his boy a cruel beating—one of those beatings that made a Golem of Shimon, and an idiot of Binyomen. Better return the candy to Shimon and tell him that if he offers any more candy to Gitele you will tell his father about it."

As she spoke Elka noticed Moyshela's eyes rest longingly upon the candy on the table.

"You want some? Here is a kopek and buy some for yourself and Gitele."

"What? Giving them money again? You gave him a *kopek* just this morning. And now again a kopek! You come for a few days and spoil the children. Besides, you haven't any kopeks to waste on candy."

"It doesn't matter, mother. I'm so seldom with my little brother and sister that when I come home I'm ashamed I can do so very little for them."

"Ten o'clock already!" Hannah exclaimed as she looked at the clock. "Let us go to bed, children. We have to get up early. You leave with the first driver, Elkale?"

"Yes, mother. Should I miss my train, I would have to wait all night for another train to Odessa."

While Gitele pushed together the chairs for Moyshele's bed, Elka packed her wicker satchel.

"Who is your best chum in school?" Elka asked her brother who stood watching her.

Moyshele thought of his first day in school, and blushed.

"Why don't you answer? It is a secret?"

"No. But I have no best chum in school except Reb Yankel's library."

"So? You have fallen in love with a library?"

NEXT morning the entire family rose early, and went about their work very quietly. Moyshele prayed without omitting a sound. It was only necessary to cover the mirror and the lamp to convince one that there was a corpse in the house. Elka felt the depression more than anyone. She knew her mother's pain; and even debated with herself the advisability of delaying her trip for a few days, but concluded that a short delay would only postpone the pain of parting. At breakfast she attempted to enliven the atmosphere by talking and laughing. But from the mother flowed a tide of sadness and silence that Elka could not overpower.

While they were still at the table they heard a carriage draw up and stop in front of the door.

"Good-morning, Hannah!" the driver greeted as he walked directly into the room. "Are you ready, Doctor? We must hurry, the road isn't very good."

"I'm quite ready, Shloyme," Elka replied, and began to collect her things.

"Let her finish her breakfast, Shloyme—she has to be on the road a

whole day and a whole night," Hannah pleaded.

"We can't wait, Hannah. It is getting late."

"Moyshele and Gitele! Come here!" Elka called from the kitchen. And when they came running to her, she said in a whisper: "Here are five rubles—three for you, Gitele, for a dress; and two for you, Moyshele, do with it as you please. Don't tell mother until I leave," she warned them as they walked together into the dining-room.

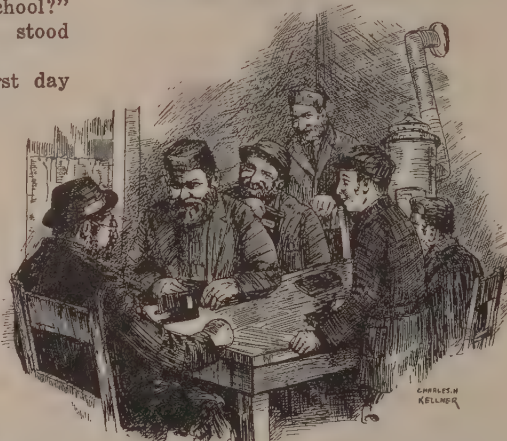
"Come, come, Doctor! We'll be late!" the driver urged.

Mother and daughter embraced.

"If you only wouldn't mix with those bomb-throwers my heart would be at ease," Hannah whispered brokenly.

"Your heart need not be troubled," Elka tried to comfort her.

Outside, the neighbors were as-



"The men grouped themselves around two tables and began to talk. Moyshele moved near one group and listened."

sembled to bless Elka on her journey. Though it was only twenty-eight *versts* from Yanovke to the station, many of them had never seen a locomotive, and thought of Odessa as a place on the other side of the Sambatyon or between the Mountains of Darkness.

"Be well and may the good God bless you and protect you from all evil on the long journey!" they shouted as the carriage drove off.

The neighbors dispersed. Moyshele ran off to school. Gitele entered the store to attend to a customer. But Hannah remained near the ditch that divided the street from the sidewalk, straining her ears for the sound of the bells that grew fainter and fainter.

"Charity saves from Death! Charity saves from Death!" called the mournful voice of Aleck the Crier who came down the street carrying an

earthen pot. Now from one side of the street, now from the other, people beckoned to him.

"Who died?" they asked as they dropped a coin into the pot.

"Feivish-Avraimele's."

"Blessed be the Rightful Judge!"

"How old was Reb Feivish?" one woman asked.

"He was an old man—peace be with him. He was over ninety," replied a neighbor.

"Blessed be the Rightful Judge!" exclaimed the inquirer.

Down the street Aleck the Crier hurried, repeating the familiar words that announced a death. His voice came less and less distinct and at last was lost as he turned and disappeared down a lane.

Hannah, the tears streaming from her eyes, still remained straining her ears for a sound of the carriage bells.

Being Informed

Chapter 7

"HURRY, Moyshele, or you'll be late."

"They don't begin the Evening Prayers so early, mother, and I have just one more page to finish the book."

"It's the anniversary of your father's death and you are in no hurry to go and say *Kadish* (prayers for the dead), eh?"

"Now I go. But I know I'll be too early. Shall I order the drinks and pastry from the *Shames* or you'll have them ready in the morning?"

"I'll get them myself tonight and you'll take them with you to the synagogue in the morning. Put that muffler around your neck or you'll catch cold."

When Moyshele entered the synagogue it was just after the Sunset Prayers, and the handful of worshippers were clustered around the brick oven waiting until they could begin the Evening Prayers. The hall was filled with shadows and near the *Oroyn* it was so dark that Moyshele dared not look in that direction for fear of seeing the Dead praying at the Omod.

"This oven is as warm as a dead man's head," someone complained.

"We can't keep it red hot all the time—wood is so dear," the *Shames* explained.

The men grouped themselves around two tables and began to talk. Moyshele moved near one group and listened.

"A Jew was waiting at the railroad station in Odessa, when a *Polkovnik* in full uniform approached him," Chaim Alter's slowly related. "What time is it, Moshka?" the *Polkovnik*

asked. "And how do you know that my name is Moshka, your Great Honor?" the Jew answers. "Oh—I guessed!" the Polkovnik replies." Here Chaim stopped and took out from his vest pocket a small snuff-box.

"Noo—noo?" urged Reb Azriel the Blind.

"You guessed what my name was," the Jew said, "So guess what time it is." Ha-ha-ha!"

"That isn't as good as the story about the Jew and the Spanish King," Leibele Shmate remarked.

"And what is the story of the Jew and the Spanish King that is so wonderful?" Chaim Alter's asked, insulted.

"The story of the Jew and the Spanish King is a story that you have to listen to with both ears. There is a deep thought hidden in it. Now—let me see—was it *Reb Nochimel* from *Talke* that said that this actually happened; or was it the *Shtifneshter*—his memory be blessed, that said it actually happened in the days of the Inquisition."

"But what is this story about the Jew and the Spanish King?" pressed Chaim Alter's.

"Listen—that is exactly what I am coming to. As you know, the Jews suffered greatly during the days of the Terrible Inquisition. Who was it that said that the Jews have suffered no greater in any period since their Exile from the Land of Israel than they did in those days? I am certain it was the *Rambam*."

"Noo—noo?" impatiently grumbled Azriel the Blind.

"Listen—now I am coming to the story. In those days of the Inquisition there lived in Spain a rich Jew and his name was *Reb Alooyoh*. He was versed in all the sciences of the day, and in *Gemorah* he was like a fish in water! And rich—*Aiy—aiy—aiy!* If he were to sell the silver of his house alone, he could have bought *Yanovke* three times over and have enough left to make all of us rich. Simply—the man was a millionaire—billionaire! For him to buy a *Graf Patotzky* and all his possessions was like taking a pinch of snuff."

"Noo—noo?"

"Listen! You must listen with both ears. There is a deep thought hidden in this story. This *Reb Alooyoh* had a son with a head on him as sharp as the edge of a razor. At the age of five his name was already known in all the corners of the world. Not only did he know *Talmud*, but he wrote interpretations about it. I don't remember

whether *Reb Nochimel* said that his works are still in existence; or that the Inquisitors—their names and memory be forgotten—destroyed them."

"Noo—?"

"Noo? Probably you think the boy didn't grow up to be a great lawyer? Yes, as if in spite, he is beloved by the Royal Court. Satan himself had a hand in this!"

"Noo—noo?"

"Listen. You must listen with both ears. There is a deep thought hidden in this—"

Moyshele was very anxious to hear the end of this promising tale, but just at this point he heard a warm discussion between *Rachmiel Letz* and *Shmarye Goy* at the other table. If it were a discussion between any other two, he would no more think of leaving in the middle of *Leibele Shmate's* interesting tale, than he would exchange honey-cake for bread. But he heard *Shmarye Goy* talk heatedly, and he knew that they must be discussing politics and world affairs.

THERE was no one in *Yanovke* who was so well versed in world affairs as *Shmarye Goy*. He was the sole and supreme authority on subjects of war, international events, weather forecasts, and political prophecies. "If *Shmarye* were born a goy he would surely have become a Minister," people said in admiration. And that was how he received his annoying nickname "Goy." And not only was he an authority in politics, but he was also a self-styled lawyer. Not that he practiced at the bar or performed any legal work. But he kept his doors open to anyone in legal difficulties and offered his advice free of charge. And whatever *Shmarye* advised was the Law of *Moses*. Take for instance the time when *Sholem Kabak* came to him and said, "Shmarye, what shall I do? My wife gave birth to a boy and I must register him. If I register him as younger, they will call him to military service sooner; and if I register him as older, it will harm him in getting a bride. What can I do?" After grave deliberation *Shmarye* decided: "Sholem, register your child the exact date of his birth!" Such wisdom! *Yanovke* talked about it for months. The man was surely meant to be a Minister!

That was why *Moyshele* was willing to forego *Leibele's* story and quietly moved over to the second group.

"Now let us say this is *Yshmol* (Turkey)," *Shmarye* said and stretched out one hand over the table, "and this is *Kiroh Fool* (Germany), and this is *Fonye Thief* (Russia). What chance

has *Chinka* (China) to take anything away from *Fonye Thief*? What we have to fear is this Turk—he lies in our bones. But of *Chinka* there is nothing to fear."

"Nothing to fear? And what about the Jap, eh? He can break our bones," *Rachmiel Letz* called in a shrill voice.

Rachmiel Letz was one of the few in *Yanovke* who had the distinction of receiving a newspaper once a week, and did not yield so easily to the authority of *Shmarye*.

"NOO—really what of the Jap?" asked Aleck the Crier.

"The Jap? The Jap is only a small nation. If *Fonye Thief* would only look out for his affairs, instead of spending his time massacring the Jews, he could wipe the Japs off the face of the earth just like this!" and *Shmarye* swiftly ran one palm across the other, in demonstration.

"What! The Jap a small nation?" cried *Rachmiel Letz*. "A small nation—and owns half the earth!"

"Now you are showing how little you know about these things," retorted *Shmarye*. "The only nation that owns half the earth is America."

"America—America," *Rachmiel* grumbled defeated. "Why do you bring in America when we are talking about the Jap?"

"Eh—he doesn't like to be shown up like this. America—that is a country for you. If you should say that America can come across and make a heap of ruins of us all—with the Turk and with the Frenchmen and with everything, then I would say to you: *Reb Rachmiel*, you have a head on your shoulders."

"Te-te-te—it is so strong—ha?" wondered *Zalmon-Wolf Teller*.

"You talk about America!" *Shmarye* added to impress his hearers.

"How many people are there in America?" *Boruch Getzele* ventured to ask.

"Who knows? Like the stars in the sky! Who can count them? In New York alone are millions and billions of people."

"Te-te-te!"

"You talk about New York—it is a world in itself," *Shmarye* continued.

"They say New York is so big that it would take a man years and years to walk from one end to the other," *Rachmiel* added.

"Hm—! Longer than the Exile of Israel," *Boruch* admired.

"Why, they say that one can be born and raised in New York and never know all the people in it."

(Continued on Page 99)

In the Public Eye



Dr. H. J. Corper

Heads Denver Hospital Research

A PHYSICIAN of international standing, engaged in furthering the humanitarian service of a B'nai B'rith institution. That is Dr. H. J. Corper, director of research of the National Jewish Hospital for Consumptives at Denver, the institution which recently dedicated its new infirmary building.

Still in his early forties, Dr. Corper has a long list of scholastic and scientific achievements and honors to his credit. Perhaps the most unusual tribute is the inclusion of his biographical sketch in the first volume of "*Menschen und Menschenwerke*" (Men of Today and Their Works), published under direction of the Republic of Austria. Here his name appears besides those of Edison, Mme. Curie, Einstein, Maxim Gorky, President Coolidge, Herbert Hoover, Lloyd George, Mussolini, Amundsen, Marconi and Bernard Shaw.

Dr. Corper is an M. D. from Rush Medical College and a Ph. D. from the Ogden School of Science, both of the University of Chicago. He is a mem-

ber of scientific societies, a frequent contributor to scientific publications and associate editor of the *American Review of Tuberculosis*.

In 1919 Dr. Corper organized the research department of the National Jewish Hospital and began the direction of laboratory work which has won international recognition. The discovery of the chemical susceptibility of the body to tuberculosis, for instance, is looked upon as a step toward discovering a cure for the white plague.

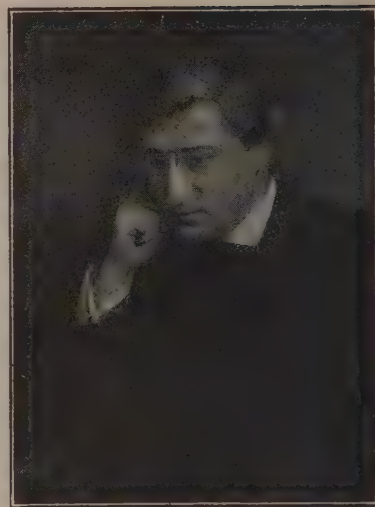
But perhaps the most interesting aspect of Dr. Corper's career is the fact that this Gentile scientific genius has chosen to devote his talents to aiding his fellow men in a Jewish institution. Here is a form of "better-understanding" that transcends mere oratory.

An Overseas Reputation

READERS of the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE may be acquainted by this time with the fact that one of its most faithful—and favorite contributors is about to leave these shores. Rabbi Joel Blau has decided to heed the call of the Berkeley Street Synagogue of West London, England, to become its Chief Minister. Our congratulations, Dr. Blau! Best wishes for your success!

Dr. Blau, who for the past six years has been the spiritual leader of Temple Peni-El of New York City, has made a name for himself both in this country and abroad by his numerous essays on Jewish subjects. Those who followed his articles from month to month recognize him as one of our deepest thinkers, as well as one of the most highly inspired and inspiring rabbis and writers of today. His ideas bear the stamp of a strong individuality.

Dr. Blau undeniably possesses that rarest of all gifts, a sense of harmony between himself and the world, between the material and spiritual life,—and he eloquently conveys his thoughts through his writings. He combines the qualities of a thorough scholar with those of an ultra-modern thinker. Proficient in both the Hebrew and English languages, he is the author of numerous works, among them "The Problems of Modern Faith," the "Status of the Defective in Jewish Law," and his latest work, "The Wonder of Life."



Joel Blau

Dr. Blau is a product of Hebrew Union College. Perhaps the most unusual part of his mental equipment is a sense of humor so unflinching that he has been able to conduct a weekly "column" in Jewish publications.

A Storm Center

NO one—friend or enemy—will deny that Jacob Epstein is very much in the public eye. Whether as an irritant or not is a question that is being hotly debated.

Although much of Epstein's life has been spent in London, the distinguished sculptor was born on the East side of New York. Almost from the start, his work attracted attention because of its unconventionality, and when his tomb of Oscar Wilde was first unveiled, it odd Assyrian motifs let loose a storm in art circles.

While the Wilde—and perhaps wild—tomb has now come to be accepted as comparatively orthodox, his succeeding works have invariably raised alarums in both art circles and among the general public. There is little doubt that he is the most bitterly attacked sculptor in history. One need but recall the denunciation his statue of Christ, unveiled several years ago, brought down, when the public beheld a Jesus, strangely elongated and with mask-like features, pointing a grotesquely exaggerated finger at the wound in his opposite hand.

His subsequent statues of "varicose Venuses," corroded child's heads and a fantastic presentation of man as part of a machine caused only lesser outbreaks. But perhaps not even the statue of Christ has aroused so much bitterness as the Hudson memorial at Hyde Park, London. It has been assailed in the public press, in parliament and in outdoor speeches, and spattered with paint. In fact, a petition to have the memorial removed, signed by such prominent Britons as Hillaire Belloc and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle is being circulated. On the other hand Epstein has ardent admirers, including the fearless George Bernard Shaw.

In England one is either hotly pro or hotly anti-Epstein. There is no being luke-warm.

Saving Lives is His Hobby

WHEN delegates from all parts of the world met recently at Geneva, Switzerland, in the first International Child Welfare Congress, mention of the work of one American Jew received an ovation. It was the work begun in 1892 by Nathan Straus to pasteurize and distribute milk among the poor of New York City.

This much beloved man came to Georgia from Germany in 1854 at the age of 6, and after a common school and business college education, entered business with his father, an importer of glass and pottery. Subsequently he became a partner in R. H. Macy and Company and then Abraham and Straus, Brooklyn. In 1914 he retired from business to devote his life to charity.

Long before this, however, Mr. Straus had spent much of his time in public work. He was park commis-

sioner from 1889 to 1893, member of the New York Forest Preserve Board in 1893 and president of the board of health in 1898.

Although the distribution of milk is his best known philanthropy, Mr. Straus has also maintained systems for the distribution of coal, bread and groceries among the poor, in the winter of 1892-1893; and of lodging houses for the homeless in 1893-1894. In 1898, during the war, he donated an ice plant to Santiago. In 1909 he founded the first tuberculosis preventorium for children, at Farmingdale, N. J. In 1911 he was appointed by President Taft as sole American representative to the International Congress for the Protection of Infants, Berlin, and was



Nathan Straus

delegate to the Tuberculosis Congress, Rome, in 1913.

His other philanthropies, which include the World war period and run down to the latest charity drive, are too numerous to publish. It would probably be no exaggeration to say that Nathan Straus, through his charities, has preserved the lives of more children than any other individual.

Who Said He Likes Jazz?

FINANCE and music would, at first glance, appear to lie at the opposite poles of human endeavor. Yet both fields have been encompassed by the energetic talents of Otto H. Kahn.

Born in Germany in 1867, Mr. Kahn came to this country in 1848. He returned to Germany, however, for his



Otto H. Kahn

education and later received honorary degrees of LL.D. from both the University of Michigan and George Washington University. He learned banking in Germany, spent five years in London with the branch of the *Deutsch Bank* and then came to New York to enter Speyer and Co. Since 1901 he has been connected with Kuhn, Loeb and Company and is director of several trust companies and railroads.

On the artistic side, however, Mr. Kahn can point to a record equally imposing—being honorary director of the Royal Opera, Covent Garden, London; chairman of the Metropolitan Opera Company; vice president of the National Philharmonic Orchestra; director of the American Federation of Arts, and honorary chairman of the advisory committee of the American Institute of Operatic Art. Beside this he is trustee of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Rutgers College; commander of the Legion of Honor (France); Knight of the Order of Charles II (Spain); Grand Officer of the Order of the Crown (Italy), and Commander of the Crown of Belgium.

Perhaps nothing has gained Mr. Kahn greater notoriety than a statement accredited to him that he proposed introducing jazz into American opera. This statement he has just denied, and in great joy we enshrine his name in The Public Eye Section. What he said was that Americans who now devote their talents to jazz ought to turn them to the creation of a really worth-while American music. If this be an endorsement of jazz—make the most of it!



Jacob Epstein

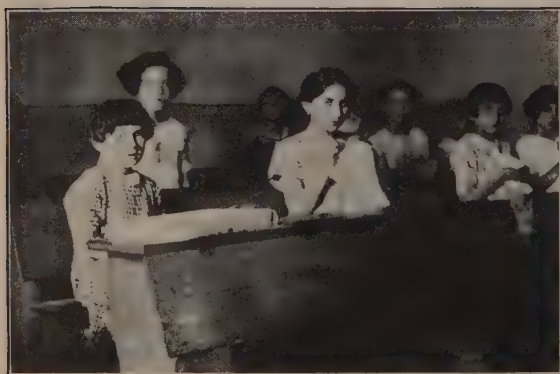
News in Views



The work of the B'nai B'rith Mexican Bureau in aiding immigrants forms a romantic chapter in the history of Jewry. Here are glimpses of the type of Jews that the Bureau is helping to establish in our sister republic.



Above, left to right, Jewish dairyman; family of dairyman and house built by him; a dairy and chicken ranch. Center, the pride of the dairy. Below, Talmud Torah classes in Mexico City.



Photos from B'nai B'rith Mexican Bureau



The B'nai B'rith in Mexico—Eddie Cantor Helps Chicago Raise Quota—The Street Called Straight



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Mildred Fineberg, of Trenton, N. J., marries Edward S. Winefield, American engineer now in Chile, by proxy—a Chile (ly)e wedding.



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Eddie Cantor, the comedian, pledges aid in raising \$4,000,000—including \$1,000,000 for the U. J. C.—to Chicago leaders. Left to right, Chairman Jacob M. Loeb, Judge Harry Fisher, Mr. Cantor, Modie J. Spiegel and Samuel Deutsch.

Judge Mary Grossman, of Cleveland, halts reckless driving by sentencing speeders to forty-eight hours at victims' bedside.



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P. S. Farovitch, Bronx Boy Scout, wins trip to Europe with his model of Santa Maria, Columbus' flag ship, at Marine Show, New York.



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Ruins of the Street Called Straight, Damascus, after French bombardment.



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The Printed Page—Books for Chanuka

NO gift is more appropriate for Chanuka than a book. Between its covers one finds a light that gleams through the darkness like the winking rays of a Chanuka candle. If ignorance is the only darkness, books are the Chanuka candles that pierce the gloom.

But what book shall I give?

For the guidance of its readers, the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE prints tabloid reviews of the dozen most appropriate books reviewed in "The Printed Page" during the past year.

Jesus the Nazarean, His Time, His Life and His Teachings, by Joseph Klausner (Macmillan).

HOW did it come that out of Israel there sprang a man, a full-blooded Jew, who, to the day of his death, remained attached to his faith and its observances, who originated a religion professed by 500,000,000 people, and yet was rejected through all these centuries, by his own? This question Klausner answers by painting for us an age of extremes, of despair driven to the last verge, of a people whose religious loyalty is capable of the most incredible sacrifices, whose souls, lashed by the tempests of helpless indignations, are flung to the opposite poles of Essene asceticism and the zealot's knife. The progressive drama of Jesus' development, as he is gradually forced into the role of the Messiah, as he is rushed, unresistingly, toward the inevitable end, is stirring and feelingly unfolded.

Reminiscences and Comments, by Adolf Kraus (Toby Rubovits).

ADOLF KRAUS'S autobiography invites comparison with the autobiography of another Jew, who also came to this country in childhood. The scholar of letters, Ludwig Lewisohn, found his career continually blocked by race prejudice—although he never worshipped after the fashion of his fathers and although he married outside his faith. The man of affairs, Adolf Kraus, found neither birth nor religion the slightest barrier—although prominently connected with Jewish affairs (as president of his congregation and as president of the B'nai B'rith, to cite but two examples). If Lewisohn seemed to challenge current protestations of America's democracy, Adolf Kraus has completely refuted him in this simple story of his own life—a life with

which every Ben B'rith should be familiar.

You Gentiles, by Maurice Samuel (Harcourt, Brace and Company.)

UNDoubtedly the most heatedly discussed book of the year, "You Gentiles" has been declared by some enthusiasts to be a prophetic utterance—"The Second Book of Samuel"—while others have called it, in Whitman's language, a barbaric yawp. The author contends that there are inherent differences between Jew and Gentile that will forever keep them apart, among them the Gentile attitude toward life as a game, and the Jewish attitude toward life as something serious. No matter whether one agrees with the author or not, this book is an outstanding stimulator of cerebral activity.

God of Might, by Elias Tobenkin. (Minton, Blach and Co.)

IS Judaism a cage? That is the question Elias Tobenkin raises here. His protagonist, a Russian immigrant, settles in a mid-western town, marries a Gentile girl and seeks emancipation from his Jewishness. As the Jewish district of the town grows, however, Samuel Waterman, successful business man, finds himself turning back into Samuel Waterman, the Jew. The walls of his cage begin to close around him. Tobenkin's Jewish characters are flesh and blood people—familiar figures, his story interesting and his thesis probably the most important one in American Jewish life today.

Celebrities of Our Times, by Herman Bernstein (Joseph Lawren).

HERE is a delightful sketch book of many of the celebrities of our time, as seen through the eyes of a Jewish journalist. One interviews with Mr. Bernstein Count Witte, Keren-sky, Trotsky, Rathenau, Tolstoy, Harden, Schnitzler, Andreyev, Einstein, Metchnikoff, Ellis, Rodin, Bergson, Pope Benedict XV and the Sheikh-ul-Islam, religious head of the Moslems. And always the interviews are of particular Jewish interest.

Stranger Than Fiction, a Short History of the Jews, by Lewis Browne. (Macmillan.)

"FROM beginning to end it pleads to be retold, and not as a list of names and dates, but as a wild adventure, as a romance. For the whole history of the Jewish people is a ro-

mance, the strangest, the most colorful in the saga of all mankind." With this prelude, Lewis Browne begins to retell the old story—to retell it not only in a rich, swift-moving narrative style—but in vigorous illustrations. Those who read the portion of "Stranger than Fiction" that appeared in the April issue and who saw reproductions of the author's pen drawings, need not be told that this history of the Jews will make an ideal Chanuka gift.

The Wonder of Life, by Joel Blau. (Macmillan.)

"THERE is a knowledge of the heart which so far surpasses the knowledge of the mind as the flight of the eagle transcends the awkward hoppings of barnyard fowls." And winged with this knowledge of the heart, Dr. Blau soars far into that empyrean sphere of poetry and mysticism where his literary muse is most at home. Here is a poetical, inspiring view of life—called by one critic "the Cabala at its best"—a view with which our readers are already somewhat familiar through the author's frequent contributions to the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE.

Moses Montefiore, by Paul Goodman. (Jewish Publication Society of America.)

THE life of Moses Montefiore is in itself a chapter in the history of the Jews of modern times. He was the outstanding figure of the nineteenth century and became the symbol of his age. His intercessions in behalf of his coreligionists in Russia and Morocco, his pilgrimages to Palestine have become part of Jewish tradition. Not to know Moses Montefiore is not to know nearly a century of modern Jewish life. This volume is a welcome addition to the few books on Jewish biography now available. It belongs on the bookshelf of every Jewish home.

Anti-Semitism in the United States, by Lee J. Levinger. (Bloch Publishing Company.)

THIS is the first systematic treatment of the subject of anti-Semitism in this country. All the data available on the subject, the author treats in the light of the latest social psychological research as well as with the analysis of a keen mind. For the earnest student of tendencies in American Jewish life and of general sociological trends, this book will prove invaluable.

My Portion, an autobiography, by Rebekah Kohut—Introduction by Henrietta Szold. (Thomas Seltzer.)

THIS has been termed by far the best autobiography extant of American Israel. It is beautiful, not alone as a story of a woman of rare spiritual powers and leadership, but

as a source book of the history of the development of American Jewish life for the past forty years. All the important personage in American Jewry crossed Mrs. Kohut's path at some time and they appear in these pages. It is a splendidly written book with graphic descriptions, a swiftly moving tale of pathos and glory, disillusion

and hope that reads like a romantic novel. It will prove an inspiration for any Jewish girl.

Israel, by Ludwig Lewisohn. (Boni & Liveright.)

A full review of these further confessions of the author of "Upstream" appears below.

An Old Story

By Philip A. Langh

LUDWIG Lewisohn had attempted to go "Downstream."

He sailed with the current, as so many others had done, both before and after him. He merged with his environment. He drank of the cup of assimilation to its depths. He followed the smooth-flowing current that requires no energy, no strenuous self-assertion to stem.

But he soon found himself sailing "Upstream." A series of bitter disillusion stirred his innermost being and from these bitter struggles of the soul there emerged new convictions.

The clash between "Downstream" and "Upstream" produced "Israel."

Ludwig Lewisohn is now a "*Bal T'shuva*,"—"the prodigal son returned."

It is an echo of the old story. It had been thus with Theodore Herzl, with Albert Einstein, and now Ludwig Lewisohn. The Jew goes out to meet the bigger world about him. He thinks he will be received without reservations or conditions. He thinks he will give himself up entirely. He finds that the Gentile world does not want him except on its own terms. He is amazed that he himself does not want to take the last step that leads to complete assimilation, inter-marriage, and stiffens at the least sign of anti-Semitism.

It is the old story.

PSYCHOLOGICALLY, the violent reaction of the Jew from ardent assimilation to equally ardent nationalism is quite human. The wound caused by the anomalous position as quasi-Gentile, he endeavors to hide and heal. The Gentile did not want the Jew; the Jew thereupon decides that he does not want the Gentile. Having found it impossible to pay the full prize exacted for assimilation, the Jew decides that assimilation is not worth-while, and that, by assimilating, he would betray not alone the Jew, but also humanity.

Socially and culturally, and that means also religiously, it is possible

for the Jew of the Diaspora to make two adjustments to his environment. One is that represented by Jewish nationalism; the other is that of assimilation. In America, the vast majority hovers in between the two extremes, holding fast, yet yielding; giving way, yet still refusing to step into the abyss of complete absorption. It is the further end of this group, standing at the edge of the precipice, hovering uncertainly between life and death, whose wails Lewisohn finds so piteous and whose position so impossible.

STARTING with the Standard Club of Chicago, Ludwig Lewisohn sets out on a journey, casting a bird's-eye view over the quasi-assimilated Jewry of America, Germany and Hungary. Thence he goes to Poland, thence to Palestine. The physical journey from America's middle-west to the intensely Jewish life of Palestine corresponds to the journey of his own soul from assimilation to ardent nationalism. The whole thing is written in the inimitably graphic style of the brilliant journalist, mingling keen observation with equally keen reflection, and depicting most vividly the humiliating and shamefaced existence of the assimilationist Jew.

But let us listen now to Mr. Lewisohn's own words.

There comes the call for assimilation: "The majority says: Be like us and we shall be brothers and equals. The minority accepts the invitation. It seeks to forget its blood, past, traditions, experiences, both historical and personal. It seeks to merge wholly with the nation upon whose soil it lives." But says the author: "The nation (America) as a whole, while demanding assimilation, resists it. Were the invitation to assimilate sincere, schools, colleges, societies, associations, clubs, legislatures could not be too full of Jews to please non-Jewish Americans."

The Jew himself, contradicting his own logic of non-interest in the Jewish groups, when the real test comes, is unable to make the full grade. "He is an American, an *American!* But his friends are Jews and his interests are tinged with Jewishness and he compensates for his protestations and his actions by pride in whatever his people shows of genius or of glory. . . He is an American! Yet when he hears of a mixed marriage he shakes his head. He has no objection in principle. He is afraid it can come to no good. It fills him, too, with a strange, faint feeling of loss. Why? Why? He ponders. What has he to do with the integrity of Israel?"

In addition, the very inability of the Jew to assimilate completely and his insistence upon his own individuality, brings on anti-Semitism. "Germany is the classical land of Jewish assimilation; it is the classical land of anti-Semitism. Here, in truth, anti-Semitism was invented."

SO, out of the ebb and flow of human desires, yearnings, passions and frustrated ambitions, there slowly arises a realization that "He is a Jew. He remains a Jew. The majority has discovered the fact, as it always does sooner or later; he discovers it too. Gentile and Jew find that there is no escape. Both believed in escape. There is none. None. . ."

Ludwig Lewisohn has run the whole gamut of soul-travail. Listen to this remarkable confession: "I have come to the conclusion that the orthodox Jew who is enmeshed in a web of intellectually indefensible formalism is a more dignified and hopeful human phenomenon than the emancipated and shamefaced Jew whose whole existence is one long rite of propitiatory imitative-ness."

Yes, the clash between "Downstream" and "Upstream" always produces "Israel."

The Yeshiva

By Dr. Bernard Revel

(Continued from Page 75)

The students will be imbued with the Jewish spirit and the Jewish philosophy of life, and will qualify for that leadership which we now lack and the absence of which is the greatest drawback of American Jewry. The college will, as it grows and advances, become the distinctive intellectual and spiritual center of American Jewry and help advance Jewish culture, together with the dissemination and increase of general knowledge. Such an institution of higher learning can mean only added strength to American civilization. The strengthening of Judaism—one of the great forces which have helped humanize the world—can make but for greater progress and the enrichment of American culture and thought. The college will attract a group of creative personalities to its faculty and will, in time, help create a demand and help supply the demand for constructive Jewish educational forces with a Jewish perspective, to whom nothing Jewish is alien.

* * *

THE *Yeshiva*, however, is more than an institution of Jewish learning, a sanctuary of the *Torah*. The *Yeshiva* is a symbol of the spirituality of Israel and of its eternal ideal, the *Torah*. The establishment of the *Yeshiva* in this land is the expression of the will of the *Torah*—true Jews of America to return to the *Torah* and to the Jewish ideals of education. The *Yeshiva* movement in this land is a vital summons to all who still hold to the validity of the *Torah*, and the validity of the Jewish religion—not an eclectic religiosity—who wish that the faith and the *Torah* of their fathers remain the faith and the *Torah* of their children and wish to rivet the bonds that link the Jew to Judaism; to call a halt to the negation of the spiritual values and to the amputation of the vital forces of Israel, and wish to return to the source of Israel's strength—the *Torah*. The *Yeshiva* stands for the return to the Jewish ideal and its spiritual conception of education; the building of character and the preparation of man and

his dedication to his duties as a member of his family, country, and faith.

* * *

AMERICAN Jewry is destined by providence to play a dominant role in the history of world Jewry and Jewish culture. Many European centres of Jewish learning have suffered greatly from the ravages of the war and its aftermath. Russian Jewry, for many centuries the stronghold of Jewish learning and idealism, has fallen into confusion and disorganization. Even elementary Jewish schools have ceased to exist there and Russian Jewry is at present spiritually helpless. The mantle of responsibility and opportunity is descending upon American Jewry. With the doors of our country closed, we no more can draw upon the spiritual reservoirs of the Jewish centers in Europe. The stream of Jewish idealism from abroad, which has been enriching American Jewish life, is drying up. We are entrusted by providence with the task of creating in this land a Jewish life, inspired and guided by the conception and teachings, ideas and ideals which have ensured the continuity of Israel through all ages and climes; imbued with the message of the *Torah* and the sanctifying powers of its laws, in indissoluble harmony with true Americanism.

We see the working of providence, that at this most trying time for Jewry and Judaism in Europe, American Jewry is awakening from its spiritual lethargy and is beginning to face its fundamental problem, that of the education of its youth. There is an awakening of the Jewish conscience, a revival of interest in matters Jewish, particularly as to the need of a more generous and adequate Jewish training for our youth and a more intelligent and sympathetic attitude to the problems of world Jewry. We are beginning to recognize the inalienable right of every American Jewish child to the great heritage of Israel, to see that the only antidote to the process of spiritual disintegration, irreligion, desertion and all manners of semi-religious aberrations among us, is the return to the *Torah* and the development in the growing generation of American Jew-

ish youth of a loving understanding of Israel's past and place in the history of mankind and of the hopes and aspirations of *Klnesseth Israel*. We are beginning to realize once more that the structure of Jewish life, in order to be secure, must be founded upon the *Torah*.

* * *

THE *Yeshiva* stands for a closer unification of the forces of education. It aims to quicken by simultaneous human and religious appeal to the mind and the heart of the child, its moral consciousness; to develop a mind that is spiritually integrated and capable of seeing the harmony of life, its duties and opportunities. It stands for a system of Jewish education which will widen the spiritual and moral horizon of our youth, will help them to relive Israel's glorious millennial yesterday, that of the Prophets, Macabees, Hillels, Akibas, Maimonides,—of Israel's countless martyrs and heroes, and will prepare them to live the life and hope the hopes of Israel's Messianic tomorrow, which embraces all mankind.

The *Yeshiva* ideal of education in this land is based upon the conviction that we can serve our country and humanity best by training the growing generation of our youth to live in the ways of Israel's moral standards and spiritual values. To realize this end, we must dedicate ourselves to the task of "raising many disciples," of disseminating constructive Jewish knowledge and the positive Jewish teachings concerning God, Israel and the *Torah*. We must develop in the hearts of our children just pride in the history of Israel, that will lead to the desire to help make the future worthy of the past and will lead to creative accomplishment. Our return to the *Torah*—to the Jewish soul—is the message and the meaning of the *Yeshiva* ideal. That the light of the *Torah*, which has always emanated from the *Yeshiva*, is again to illumine the house of Israel, is its aim.

May the *Yeshiva* ideal, a strengthened and more spiritualized Judaism, emerge triumphantly with the awakening of American Jewry.

Art and Idolatry

By B. Marc Revsine

(Continued from Page 83)

not be of better logic to assume that the Jew had too *strong* an inclination towards imagery, so that it became necessary, for the sake of religious discipline, to lay a bridle with iron hand on the stiff-necked race? Whoever is but slightly acquainted with the contents of the Pentateuch and the teachings of the prophets will at once agree that our logic is the more plausible one. Neither did the monotheistic conception of life weaken the Jewish ability of perception of concrete things. It only put the world into movement, made out of each and every form a passing timely process.

THE difference between the "Aryan's attitude and the Jew's" toward the material world can be expressed as follows: The Aryan wants the Thing. The Jew only its service. Things to the Jew are merely manifestations of a creative impulse never resting. Therefore, for the Aryan, the form of a thing, be it a tree, an animal, a person or a nation, is something absolutely real, mystically personal, *indeed a God*. Whereas, the Jew attributes reality only to the power which is behind the moving world and which keeps the whole machinery going. Form, to the Jew, is the way a thing acts, and he begins to be concerned with it only when he discovers its functional significance. Therefore, Jewish plastic art tends to be not the reproduction of a thing or of a person immobilized, but in action. Of course, he is neither color-blind, nor is he devoid of a sense of line, as affirm his detractors. His perceptions are perfectly sane. Has it not even been claimed that he is much too clever in things material and of practical trend? He is simply heedless of form for its own sake. If, as Renan affirms, the Bible does not lend itself to be adequately illustrated, it is because the Bible is not made to be illustrated; it wants to be acted. And this purpose has been attained by the Bible better than by any other work of art ever conceived. The Jewish genius procreates in the direction of ever higher achievements, indeed of the very highest one, to equal God, a spark of Whom the Jew carries in his soul.

Passing from general considerations to historical facts,—one of the greatest achievements of the nineteenth century

in the domain of plastic arts was the discovery of the open air. The artists of old were far too confident and therefore dogmatic, in their conceptions of what they were reproducing. They seemed to admit that nature offered them ready-made subjects which they had only to perceive adequately. Seen from a modern viewpoint, they were naive realists. The best among them might have been personal, but never subjective. They took it for granted that the combination of forms and colors were real things, which they took pleasure to reproduce. Reproduce—to what purpose? Just as an urge to worship the tangible thing.

Came the impressionists and changed into naught the material supporter of the picturesque image, the thing being reproduced. Gone were the old idyllic, solid conceptions of life. They became something subtle, personal impressions of the capricious artist. With the arrival of Cezanne, things became material to be used for solving constructive problems. And here it is where the Jewish artist appeared a few decades ago. The Jew did not mingle with the business of making graven images, as long as art was worship of the material. But as soon as the dogmatic conception of life gave place to the lyrical and philosophical expression of human feelings and beliefs, the Jew came into his own. Nature in art having been spiritualized, he at last grasped the end of the thread which had always helped him to find his way through the labyrinth of life. Iconoclast in religion, in economics, in social life, the Jew has now started on his way of destroying esthetical idols as well.

III

THIS sketch would be incomplete if we should fail to mention still another aspect of Jewish art, the one which finds inspiration in the familiar objects and events of Jewish life. It is represented by numerous young artists and by craftsmanship schools, such as Bezalel in Palestine and of the Jewish People's Institute in Chicago. Until the very last years, the epithet of "sentimental" could be applied to them as well as to the whole Yiddish and New Hebraistic and Zionist art and literature (Bialik excepted). Tired

of the heroic pose of missionaries, these artists found inspiration in the Jewish every-day life, with its Jewish color and Jewish atmosphere. Jewish art means to them not only art created by Jews, but growing out from the every-day life of the small Jewish town.

The Jewish emotional quality of the productions of such artists as Lesser Ury, Chagall or Budko are a very delightful addition to the subtlety of their conception. They are not only Jewish artists in the heroic and tragic sense of this word (think for instance of Epstein), but Jewish also by the melancholic intimacy and sentimentality, so pure and so wise, of their works.

National or international, the Jewish soul remains practically the same: eternally vibrating at the harmony audible to her between art and life.

Chanuka—The Cinderella of Jewish Festivals

By Rabbi Edgar F. Magnin

(Continued from Page 85)

I want them to share the loyalty and courage of their great ancestors and manifest these qualities in their lives and apply them in their citizenship. The Jew can be of little use to America or the world by sacrificing all that he has that is his very own. He can be of great service to the democracy if he contributes to it the very best that he has in him to give. He whose ancestors fought for liberty and democracy, for religious toleration, and the right to follow one's own belief, can bring to America and interpret those very same principles upon which our commonwealth depends and that in spirit and theory at least permeate its institutions.

Right here in America the Jew may repay this country for the privileges and blessings of freedom by being the interpreter of those very things for which America should stand and which are based upon the Bible. After all, the ethical side of Christianity and the moral attitudes of America as exemplified by the colonists are Judaic and Hebraic. Who ought to interpret them but the descendants of those who first enunciated them? And at this very time when freedom is becoming

more and more threatened, when some so-called Americans, unacquainted with the history and spirit of the Constitution, would in the name of patriotism spread intolerance, bigotry, fanaticism; when they would keep out the stranger and bring discontent within the borders of our fair land—at this very time, let the Jew whose Maccabean fathers fought for liberty and who witnessed the rise and decline of great powers due to certain evils, sound the word of warning ere it is too late. No, the Jew can be of little value to himself or others by imitating and aping his fellow men. Let him rather stand alone if needs be, pave the way, blaze the trail, hold aloft the banner of unity and deride uniformity.

And in this spirit let us return to dear old *Chanuka*. Let us rescue it from the ranks of the dying. Let us redeem it from its Cinderella status. Let us make it not the least among our festivals but among the foremost. Let us reaffirm our faith in the Rock of Ages and kindle the lights of truth, kindness and peace until they will illumine the hearts and souls of men.

Judaism in the World

(Continued from Page 81)

the word *Shabbath*, with its special meaning, so it gave to the word *peace*—its higher significance. *Shalom* means, not a pact, but wholeness, health, safety, salvation. It is paradoxical that only the restless Jew makes the *Shabbath* the day of rest or peace. The paradox is only superficial. Rest and unrest are not incompatible, the Sabbath becometh the *oth*, the mark of reconciliation of the ambiguity within us.

That we shall ourselves become a *Shabbath*, a blessing for the world, is the ideal of the Jew. The place of the Jew is within the world, not outside it. He must be a world himself and maintain this world. Jews did not, and do not flee from the world. We abhor exclusion and reclusion, the Jewish mind has like Joseph dreamt of leading the world, but not as a tyrant.

We wish to be *le-mihya*, to expand life, to preserve it, to lengthen and make

it worth while. Our thinkers, the wise men of Palestine, Babylon, Spain, Egypt, France, Germany, England and America do not dream of forces and numbers and cities and empires but of something higher and nobler; of divine commandment and fulfilment. Fulfilment to the end, this is Jewish Martyrdom, *Kiddush hashem*. We have a right to lift our voices in the world. We have ever been good fighters, if not the best. We have fought for the rights of Man, not with murderous weapons, but with the unstained weapons of truth, humanity and charity. There have always lived in Israel commanders of such fights, often generals who wore a private's coat; sabatical men, genuine Jews. As long as we shall have thought and longing, hope, hunger for justice and thirst for truth, love and desire for peace—the power of the Jewish mind will exist. Indispensable, invincible, everlasting Judaism will live in the world.

The Way of Orthodoxy

By Peter Wiernik

(Continued from Page 69)

The private "*heder*," the house-to-house "*rebbe*" and the *Talmud Torah* were likewise with us from the very beginning. The results were never encouraging, and are not so even now, but the good will is certainly here, and the insistence, or the persistence, is truly Orthodox. There are a hundred *Talmud Torahs* in New York, probably more than a thousand over the country. And they are not all of yesterday or of the day before. None of them is really successful, despite glowing report of laudatory articles. This is old Jewish history repeating itself. It was the same in Spain, in Germany, in Poland and in Lithuania. Religious organization comes right after settlement. Effective Jewish education comes a long time afterwards, sometimes not until the process of adjustment is completed after the passing of several generations.

But here Orthodoxy, too, leads a strenuous life, and ambitious plans are not confined to the assimilated. The Jewish "Parochial School" for children especially gifted or such as are destined

to specialize in Jewish studies, even if they do not become rabbis, is the contribution of Orthodoxy to Jewish education in America, the preparatory ground for the "open adjustment" which is the only possible one in this country. The great "*Yeshivah*" of New York is the climax of this system of education which shall be at the same time really Jewish and really American. The guiding spirit of this first great Orthodox institution of learning in the Western World, Dr. B. Revel, personifies in himself what it is intended to accomplish in the institution over which he presides and which is now being greatly enlarged.

To my view of things Jewish, this rise and expansion of the educational system, quickened by American energy and perhaps somewhat hastened by Jewish restlessness, represents a natural growth, a historical continuity which unfolds a new leaf and is destined to fill a new chapter in the development of Judaism. A great American period, more glorious and more fruitful than any era of the Diaspora,

is before us, and it is unthinkable without a solid, self-conscious and articulate Orthodoxy. An understanding of the spirit and the attitude of mind which shall fully justify our separate existence, can come only from spiritual leaders who are great Jewish scholars, "*Lumdanim*" and "*Geonim*," and from nobody else. What has at first seemed impossible in every country in the first period of Jewish settlement, is possible, ay, inevitable here too. Everywhere we sustained great losses, and much energy was wasted in useless conflicts. But the spirit of traditional Judaism has always survived and remained our one great asset after all movements have been liquidated, and it will so remain in the New World too. And when all this will become obvious, those who upheld the faith in the days of discouragement and those who strove to strengthen it when success seemed improbable, will be acknowledged as superior in worth and in achievement to those who prefer new ways which never led anywhere.

Hannah's Children

By Yossef Gaer

(Continued from Page 89)

"So! It must be very hard on the crier," Aleck the Crier commiserated. "It takes all my strength to be crier in Yanovke and my feet refuse to obey me of late. Now, to be crier in New York! Te-te!"

"ONE crier in New York? They have ten thousand," informed Rachmiel.

"And I say they have no criers in New York." Shmarye's words were like a bomb well aimed.

"No crier! It doesn't seem logical. How can a city be without a crier?" Aleck argued as if his own job were threatened.

"No crier!" Shmarye repeated decidedly. "I will explain. In every house in New York they have a large horn connected to a telephone like the telephone at the railroad station. Now, let us say Mendel Lamed Vovnik received a fresh barrel of fish. What does he do? Send for the crier? Expressly no! What then? He goes over to the telephone and yells in: Fresh Fish! Ten kopeks an oka! And everyone in New York hears him. And those that want fish go and get it."

"Pst—wonderful!" admired Boruch.

"Why—that is nothing," challenged Rachmiel who longed to out-do Shmarye. "In New York if it gets dark and a man wants to light a house with thousands of rooms, all he has to do is press one button."

"Bah—one button!" Shmarye scoffed. "I hate to hear a man exaggerate. What if he has to press fifty buttons before he lights one room? The great thing is that he lights it without a single match."

"But how can a button light a room?"

"Eh—that's exactly it. For that it is America. It is a button—just like the button of your coat. And you press it and press it until it gives light. A big button gives more light; a small button gives less light. Just like a coal-oil lamp. A bigger lamp and you have more light."

"And they don't need to buy any coal-oil?"

"Such a question! Try and put coal-oil in a button! What for?"

"A golden country, upon my word!"

"And maybe you know what a factory is, Reb Shmarye?" asked Boruch. "My son writes me that he works in a factory."

"A factory did he say? A factory is like this: First there are a lot of buildings—each building larger than Gog-Megod. And in each building there are a lot of machines. And the men work in there. That is a factory."

"Aiy—! Creator of the World, guard my son that he should not be hurt by the machines."

"How can he be hurt? He sits behind a large glass window and doesn't put a hand in cold water," Shmarye assured.

Putting this together with similar information on America he had absorbed on previous occasions, Moyshel constructed an image in his mind to represent that wonderful land. America grew in his imagination as one immense city inhabited by millions of happy people. There is no discrimination of race or color; and there are no poor. Everyone is rich and happy. And the people live together like one big family. They eat and drink and study and read books. If there is any work to be done, the Rov, or some Chief, yells into a telephone: Brethren—we need to have some oxen killed and some bread kneaded! And the people hear it and think: If we won't kill the oxen and knead the bread we will have nothing to eat. And they go and do the necessary work. There is gold in the street, but none troubles to pick it up. What do they need gold for? They have everything they want. They eat white bread every day in the week, and meat not less than twice a week. And if one wants an orange one does not have to wait until Passover.

And yet, with all its wonders and attractions, there was something in the image that frightened him. Perhaps it was the immensity of the feasting city, or the fact that he imagined the Golden Land in perpetual night, artificially lamped and lighted. Though he craved to be there and enjoy it, he secretly feared it.

"What they do there!" Shmarye continued to relate. "What they do there! I just read the other day in the paper that they are building a telegraph without wires."

"A telegraph without wires? How then?"

"Go and ask them! If I knew how, you think I'd sit here and talk to you?"

"And I say they are tempting the Devil. A telegraph without wires! Not a word is mentioned in the Torah about a telegraph with wires, but without wires—God protect us!"

"It is the work of the Devil," concluded the Shames who had been silent up till now. "It is the work of the Devil—it will come to no good. Remember Sodem and Gemorah?"

"Tell a fool that a cow flew over the roof and laid an egg and he will believe it," lectured Boruch. "Who tells you that you must believe that it will be without any wire? Perhaps there will be some wire, but not as much as in the others."

"Not the length of a needle's point," Shmarye insisted. "Nothing. No wires. Not even a piece of string or anything. It will work like magic."

"A Jew with a beard, and father of children should say such things! Magic! Miracles! There is only one God in Heaven that can work miracles! All the rest is the work of the Devil!"

The Shames angrily left the oven and lighted the candles at the Omod. By their dull light the hall seemed unfriendly and the stands around the walls and in the center of the room resembled tombstones.

"And how do they light the candles in the synagogues?" Aleck the Crier asked.

The Shames rapped on one of the stands and called:

"Evening Prayers — Evening Prayers."

The Letter

Chapter 8

IT was nearing Purim. Yet the snow gave no sign of every uncovering the black earth; and Hannah's windows were still covered with the fantastic designs of the frost. Within the house the cold was intense. And, although covered by a mass of rags, Moyshel's feet were as cold as ice. Gitele was no warmer. And Hannah, who slept near the window, had given all the covers that could be spared to her children.

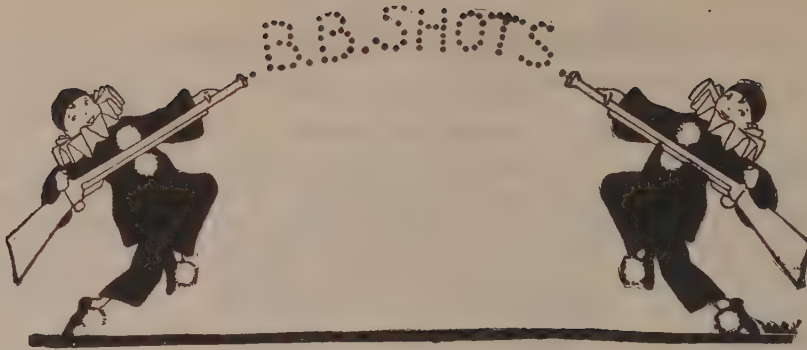
"Hm—?" asked Moyshel.

"Nothing," answered Gitele.

"But you said something."

"It froze in my throat," Gitele burst into laughter.

"It is no laughing matter! Cover yourselves, children, or you'll catch cold."



A WAR TIME TRAGEDY

A sergeant was having the time of his life with a squad of raw recruits. At last he gave it up in disgust and told them to stand easy. "My lads," he said, "I will tell you a story. When I was a boy of five, I was one day playing with some toy soldiers on the side of a river. Some of them fell in and I ran crying to my mother. 'Never mind, my boy,' she said, 'when you are a man your soldiers will come back to you—.''" He paused; then scratching his head, he said: "And believe me, I think they have!"

—B—B—

Ladies and Gentlemen:

This can opener is guaranteed to open any can that any other can opener cannot open. If this can opener cannot open any other can that any other can opener cannot open send it back to the can opener factory and get a can opener that can.

—B—B—

THE ADDED BURDEN

Nelson—The poor we have with us always.

Riley—Yes, and aren't their flivvers a nuisance?—*Kansas City Star*.

—B—B—

Visitor to New York—I beg pardon, but could you direct me to a church not involved in any squabble?—*New York Sun*.

—B—B—

Barton—What makes your next door neighbor so unpopular?

Borrows—He's fixed his lawnmower so you have to drop a nickel in the slot to make it go.—*Boston Transcript*.

—B—B—

A COMING SUCCESS

Hinks—"My boy's getting to be an awful liar."

Jinks—"What you gonna do about it?"

Hinks—"Send him to law school."

THIS month's B. B. Shots are of such equal merit—or the opposite—that we'll toss them up in the air. The first three to hit our desk win Menorah pins. Everybody ready? All right, let's go! One, two, three! Let's see? Charlie McRae, of Charlotte, N. C.—What's he doing in a Jewish Magazine?—Leo Dolkart, president of Davenport Lodge. No wonder,—he uses such heavy stationery. And Jacob Wolf of Dayton, Ohio. A druggist who jokes about his own cigars!

If you want to win a Menorah pin, better write your B. B. Shots on heavy paper and send them to our new headquarters, Electric Building, Cincinnati, Ohio.

THE AGE OF INCRECULITY

A colored preacher who was explaining the story of creation to his congregation told them that the Lord made man out of mud and stood him up against a picket fence to dry.

And then a colored brother in the back pew got up and asked: "Ef Adam wuz de fust man, den who made dat picket fence?"

Whereupon the old preacher declared: "Hit's jest such questions as dat dat ruins religion!"

—B—B—

WORDS OF KINDNESS

An American newly arrived went to a London tea shop, took a seat and waited. Presently, a bright-eyed waitress approached and asked, "Can I take your order?" "Yes, two boiled eggs and a kind word." The waitress brought the eggs and was moving on, when the American said, "Say, what about the kind word?" The waitress leaned over and whispered, "Don't eat the eggs."

—B—B—

INCONSIDERATE

Husband—"I can live with you no longer. I shall commit suicide."

Wife—"You mean thing! When you know I haven't a black dress to my name."

GOOD SALESMANSHIP

Two salesmen were discussing their respective abilities to sell.

"In two hours this morning," said the first, "I sold over ten thousand dollars worth of goods to three different department stores. Can you beat a record like that?"

The second one, who was the owner of a small clothing store replied: "A lady came in to buy a suit in which to bury her husband. I sold her a suit with two pair of pants."

—B—B—

CURE ANYTHING

Cigar Salesman—"Say old man, how can I stop my darn chimney from smoking?"

Customer—"I'd give it one of your cigars."

—B—B—

GROWN UP

Deliberate old lady (who had been taking a lot of time in selecting her purchase)—"But I don't think this is lamb. It looks to me like mutton."

Exasperated butcher—"It was lamb when first I showed it to you."

—B—B—

WHY HE LEAPT

The excursion party crowded round the guide, eager to hear any legends of the mountain they had been climbing.

"They call this lover's leap," he said. "I forget just why, but as likely as not an old maid proposed to a fellow on this spot and he gave a yell and jumped off."

—B—B—

Teacher—"Now tell me who was George Washington."

Bright Student—"He was the father of our country."

Teacher—"That's right. Now tell me for what he was noted."

Bright Student—"He fought for freedom all his life—and then he went and got married."

B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE SUPPLEMENT

DECEMBER, 1925

The B'nai B'rith in Mexico

By Anita Brenner

THE activity of the B'nai B'rith in Mexico is interesting and important, if only for the reason that it is the only outside organization that is helping the Jewish immigrant.

Helping the Jews to help themselves is the policy of the B'nai B'rith Bureau. Often it has been a far from thankful job. The long line of immigrants, hysterical from long days, weeks, months, and sometimes even years of hardship, in different ports, is not an element to be easily handled. They are like untamed young calves—self-conscious, excitable, revengeful, doubting. It is a difficult task to change these faces to numbers on cards. Their sufferings are too visible. Before helping them, one feels like asking their pardon. Only deep sympathy can win them; they are dissatisfied if one treats them like so many "cases"; they are suspicious if one acts toward them as individuals.

The great advantage of the B'nai B'rith is that it treats the Jews in Mexico as if they were persons, and not as if they were cold, impersonal, social beings. When the Bureau was first opened, there were no definite hours, and hardly a regular office. A large, light house that contained several sleeping rooms, a sort of club-room, a waiting room and a restaurant. Mr. Joseph Weinberger, the director, was also the manager, host, secretary, attorney, judge, doctor, and confidante at all times of the day. The place was always full of waiting people, and it was not always a meal or a bed that they wanted. The important thing was to have a talk with Weinberger.

The said Weinberger had been a teacher, a miner, a newspaper correspondent, and even in the dry goods business. He hails from Nebraska, and for more than the last twenty years, he has spent his time in Mexico, in different parts of that country. He is a man, not of set ideas exactly, but certainly of very definite and clear experience and knowledge. He undertook community work without a precon-

ceived purpose, fitting each day to the current needs thereof. And the wonder of it is, that with a budget of \$20,000 a year, he has accomplished things that in another place would have cost twice as much. His only assistant is Gamseh, a Russian student, who, after a year of unsuccessful attempts at business, as if through an accident, fell into the role of a human card-system for the Immigration Bureau.

He knows the people with whom he deals, he knows them as a class, and as individuals; he knows almost every case by heart—the name, address, character and occupation; he even excels the card system, for he also possesses solutions to the problems, a solution exists.

EVERYBODY in Mexico knows Gamseh, the round, black-bearded, little man who is always looking for a position for someone else, who writes the letter to somebody's brother in Philadelphia, who goes to the officials for somebody's sister, who is not permitted to land in Vera Cruz on account of some small technicality.

It was the energy and far-vision of Dr. Martin Zielonka, chairman of the B'nai B'rith Committee for Mexico, that led to the establishment of the bureau, and it was his personal efforts in filling a great need that established the restaurant in Mexico City where one could obtain meals very cheaply, often free—and now, when that was abolished, saw to it that twenty kosher eating-places, outside of delicatessen shops and an afternoon coffee-house, were opened.

The sleeping rooms are now used only when the ships arrive, and no immigrant remains there longer than a week,—after which he finds a room for himself, or one is found for him elsewhere. The employment bureau is always functioning in connection with the loan fund that the B'nai B'rith has instituted for tradesmen or small business men.

If no job can be found for him, the applicant receives a small loan with

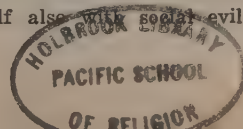
which to open a small business of his own, something that many of them prefer. The evening classes that the bureau had opened are no longer supported as formerly, because the "*Beneficencia Israelita*," the local Jewish charitable organization, has started activity in social work, and, thanks to the endeavors of the B'nai B'rith, has opened a large evening school where Spanish is taught, and other subjects that may be useful to those who have to make a living in a strange land.

A very important part of the new B'nai B'rith work is medical help. Aiding the sick and finding suitable work for the immigrants are the two most important duties of the B'nai B'rith in Mexico, now that conditions have somewhat improved and local efforts have begun to manifest themselves, and a majority of the former immigrants have become more or less accustomed to the new land.

The B'nai B'rith Bureau has opened a clinic under the head of Dr. M. L. Leff, who has been connected with the American "Joint" in Europe, and who also has practiced a long time in Mexico, where he came on account of the health of his children. Outside of the clinic, which charges only a small sum for its services, there is also a ward for those who are not ill enough to be sent to the hospital, but still are in need of care.

DR. LEFF is one of the most beloved Jews in Mexico. For frazzled nerves, his constant good humor and kindness is a true balm. He gives the impression of one who does not take things seriously, but he works swiftly and skillfully, and the long filing-in of patients in the waiting room becomes smaller, and the long faces disappear under the soothing influence of a smooth, clever Jewish tongue.

These personal touches go a good deal farther than physical and moral help for individuals. Dr. Leff busies himself also with the social evils of the



young Jewish community in Mexico. I have accompanied him on a visit to the so-called nest of Jewish prostitution.

Stories about young girls inveigled while landing and sold to white slave dealers have spread, and the echo of Yiddish on the dark streets of the brothels had been very disturbing. But we found out that while Jewish prostitution exists, it is not growing, and that those already engaged in it are "professionals," imported from Argentina mostly. Only one case was discovered that was similar to the pathetic stories that we had heard—the case of a young girl who had been caught as if in a net when she landed—confused, almost insane from the frightful pogrom experience she had lived through in Russia, where she had witnessed the murder of her father, mother and brothers.

On account of unfavorable living conditions and ignorance, diseases result which are easily avoided by a

little enlightenment. And, therefore, Dr. Leff gives lectures on hygiene and bodily care. The lectures, held in the Young Men's Hebrew Association, are attended earnestly and in large numbers. They are also reprinted in the only Jewish local newspaper *El Noticiara* (The Chronicle).

Since the B'nai B'rith in Mexico is not a communal institution, its influence as such is nil. But within the bounds of well-planned aid of a clearly-expressed temporary character, its policy has been very constructive. In the question of citizenship and Mexicanization, a question that appears from time to time among the local Jews, the stand of the B'nai B'rith has been in favor of Mexicanization. "If you want to make Mexico your home, be a Mexican," they say, not meaning thereby, of course, that becoming a Mexican means ceasing to be a Jew.

This stand is not a conclusion based on theory. When the Jews began to

come here, they had in mind spending only the time necessary until they could be admitted to the United States, where most of them have relatives. The B'nai B'rith, on the other side of the boarder, saw the suffering of the Jews whom smugglers had ensnared; and when they began their relief work in Mexico, they tried to point out that those who came to Mexico ought to remain there.

Beds, food, medicine, jobs, a school—these are things that a properly organized community ought to be able to provide for its members; but the Jewish community in Mexico is still in a transient state, and outside help is a necessity. Immigrants come here at the rate of about 200 a month, and assistance must be well-established, continual and well-organized; because, if a job is not to be had (and jobs are constantly becoming scarcer) there must at least be a place where to eat.

*Translated from the Jewish World,
Cleveland.*

Reflections of a Lodge Secretary

By George Rubenstein, Executive Secretary
Portland Lodge, No. 65

IN years gone by I used to believe that the United States army was the greatest equalizer of men, inasmuch as the same rations were eaten and the same uniforms were worn by all alike—notwithstanding the sharp difference in the attitude between the officers and men. Indeed, I recall a common saying in camp, that a soldier would be liable to court-martial for remarking: "There goes the colonel with orderly and the dog." What he should have said was: "There goes the colonel, *his dog* and the orderly."

Since I have been doing the secretarial work of a large B'nai B'rith lodge, with a membership of close to 1,000. I have altered my opinion in regard to the democracy of the army, and I have come to believe that the I. O. B. B. is the greatest democratizer in the country. Here I have been working for days on a list of members, among whom are men who have niched themselves deeply in the life of our community. I often come across the name of an eminent jurist, a prominent physician, a gifted and eloquent theologian, a great financier, a captain of industry—yet their names

all are mingled together in one large card-index box, and the wise rabbi or the skillful surgeon will appear away at the bottom of the list if perchance his surname begins with a "W" or a "Z". The only priority that rules here is alphabetical; nothing else counts. Can there be greater democracy than this?

There is one letter, or rather combination of two letters, which comes with every card-index that a Jewish secretary has as much use for as a dog would have for a fifth leg—and that is "Mc." I have had any number of "Davis's," quite a few "Nelsons" on my list; I even had a "Wilson" who was a convert to Judaism, but I have yet to record a Jew by the name of "McDougal" or "McDough."

Speaking of names, brings to mind other experiences along these lines during the late war when, as field representative of the Jewish Welfare Board, it was my privilege to extend what personal service I could to the men of our faith in the United States army and navy. It was during the latter part of 1917, when I was assigned for duty with the Fortieth division, which consisted of some 40,000

men undergoing training at Camp Kearney, California, among whom were nearly 1,000 of our boys. I would go up to division headquarters every morning and jot down in my notebook the names that *might be* Jewish, as I found them on the registers of each military organization. I say "*might be*" for I soon learned that if I depended upon that method alone, I would scarcely have a *minyan* with which to hold the Friday evening services at the Y. M. C. A. hut. Experience soon taught me to ferret out a son of Israel even under such anglicized name as "Herbert Blackstone," which was not exactly the name given him when he was brought to the baptism—Beg pardon!—I mean when he was brought into the Covenant of Abraham. I very nearly said—"baptismal font." But in this particular instance the officiating Rabbi had announced: "And his name shall be called in Israel '*Chayim* Jonah Schwartzstein'; and at the time of enlistment, he had quite correctly translated this into "Herbert Blackstone." Likewise, Private Benjamin Franklyn was the fellow who could, under the least persuasion, quote for

you entire tractates from the Talmud, having been a student at the *Yeshiva* of Volodjin. But (get this) Sergeant Leo Israel, after whom I had unsuccessfully hunted for weeks, had sent many invitations to services, etc., and whom I had pictured as the typical Jew who was not a bit shy about such a pronounced Jewish name,—proved to be, when I finally came across him on the range, a light-haired, blue-eyed little Scotchman, who jovially remarked that he "had often wished he were a Jew, especially around *Yom Kipper* time" as that meant forty-eight hours' leave of absence.

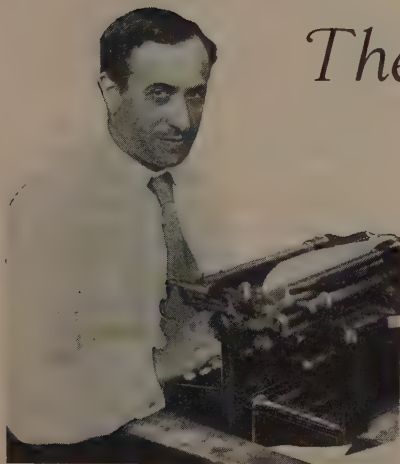
But to return to my B. B. work—and I must hasten as these letters (nearly one thousand) have got to be in the mails by midnight—it has often occurred to me what wonderful potentiality, what tremendous power for good, lies in this list of names, if

they were really members in fact, instead of only nominally. Which means that about 80 per cent are members who agree with the teachings of B'nai B'rithism in principle. They pay their dues and orphan assessments when reminded by the secretary, but are very seldom or never seen at a meeting of the lodge. And if it were not for their names upon the records, one might never know that they are members at all.

WE are still a singular people, "a people who dwell alone." Here is an organization of laymen, the basic principles of which are almost a religion—indeed some of our members follow no other religion and are mighty good, upright men for all that—an institution that, if there were no such organization in American Israel, it would be necessary to create, yet, with most

of the members, beyond paying their dues (and some do not even do that graciously), apathetically indifferent to all its ideas and ideals. What wonderful encouragement it would give to that small group of men who year in and year out are struggling with the sole purpose of uniting Israel in the work of promoting their highest spiritual interests and those of humanity. Here is a platform upon which the most radical liberal, as well as the ultra orthodox, can meet in brotherliness, in benevolence and in harmony. Together we might work out those problems affecting our people everywhere.

Let us hope that our members will continue their B'nai B'rith work the new year with renewed vigor and inspiration. Said the rabbi: "It is not thy duty to complete the work but neither art thou free to desist from it."



Alfred Segal, the new Associate Editor of the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE, at his typewriter

The B'nai B'rith Magazine's New Associate Editor

In Advance for January

"MY entrance into the world was in itself an event," writes Dr. Boris D. Bogen in the first installment of his *Auto-biography*.

"Life in the ministry makes one irreligious," says the wife of a rabbi in her "*Confessions*."

The story of American Jews who are prospering on farms will be included in the January issue, which is to be dedicated to the *Jewish Farmer*.

BEGINNING with the January number, the management of the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE will pass into new hands.

The new associate editor is one of the most popular newspaper writers of Cincinnati, and has won a reputation for himself both by his facile pen and by his close connection for many years with movements for civic and social betterment. Since 1904 Mr. Segal has

been associated with the Cincinnati Post.

B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE readers will remember Mr. Segal's inspiring eulogy of Isaac M. Wise, which appeared under the title, "The Drama of a Modern Prophet," in the November issue.

Victor Rubin, who has been associate editor, leaves to assume the managing editorship of *Industrial Justice*. In this work he will be associated with Stephen A. Day, former partner of Max Pam and later of Judge Peter

S. Grosscup and for seventeen years personal counsel of Charles G. Dawes, the vice-president.

"My work with the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE has been most interesting and I keenly regret that the force of circumstances makes it impossible for me to continue that connection," said Mr. Rubin. "I am happy to leave the magazine in such capable hands and wish my successor the best of luck in his new undertaking."

American Citizenship

Report of the Committee on Americanization of San Francisco Lodge No. 21

AFTER receiving numerous requests from applicants for citizenship, as well as from native citizens, asking that we arrange a few talks on our government, the committee decided to give a series of four lectures on "American Citizenship." We intended in these four lectures to present merely a general outline of basic principles, because we felt that there would not be enough time to go into details and, after all, what is required by the average person is merely an acquaintance with fundamentals. We also realized that adults have neither the time nor inclination to attend evening classes three nights a week for about four months, as offered in the public schools.

Before our plans were completed, over fifty applicants had enrolled, who sought information and assistance in becoming American citizens. It was thought that with these as a nucleus we should invite the general public to attend the lectures and thus assure a fair-sized crowd with plenty of enthusiasm.

In line with this plan, the chairman spoke before several Jewish organizations, telling them about the lectures, and broadcast an announcement over one of the largest local radio stations. About 3,000 cards were sent to the members of the other local B'nai B'rith Lodges and to the Ladies' Auxiliaries, as well as to our own members. Invitation cards were sent to the entire membership of the largest orthodox congregation in the city. Every Jewish organization of any importance received a special notice of the lectures to be given.

The daily press contained notices preceding each lecture, together with a picture of the speaker. Some of the district papers and all the Jewish club papers and periodicals mentioned the lectures.

The men selected to deliver the talks are well known attorneys and good speakers. Three of them are government officials. The lectures were carefully prepared and written out in advance.

All the announcements which went out mentioned that a short program of patriotic music and song would precede each lecture.

THE accompanying report is the record of an attempt to carry out an Americanization program in San Francisco. Because of its frank discussion of difficulties encountered it should prove unusually helpful to other Americanization committees. It was submitted to San Francisco Lodge No. 21 by Abraham Spivock, chairman; Harry K. Wolff, Sylvain D. Leipsic, Max Mayer and Nathan Merenbach.

We also had song pamphlets printed, containing local, state and national songs. The audience was asked to join in the singing.

In spite of all the elaborate preparations which were made, only about 90 attended the first talk, which was given by Judge Sylvain J. Lazarus on "Local Government." This was somewhat disappointing, as we had expected at least 150, the hall having a seating capacity of 250.

At the three talks following, although added publicity was given, the crowds diminished further.

The lectures were given on successive Wednesday evenings, commencing with June 3, 1925, excepting the night of June 17, which was during the week of the Grand Lodge convention.

Various reasons were assigned for the small attendance. Some said that June was a bad month, it being summer. Others believed that our own lodge members, many of whom would greatly profit from instruction in the workings of our government, did not attend because they were present at large meetings on Monday night and could not spare further time.

It might not be amiss to state here that we have already decided to change the name of our committee so that it is hereafter to be known as the "Committee on American Citizenship." The reason for this is that the word "Americanization" implies a changing or making-over, a standardization, and to some people smacks of Prussianism.

The committee believes that many in need of enlightenment did not attend the lectures because of this impression that the lectures were for those who were not yet Americanized. To many of our faith, the word "Americanization" connotes conversion to Christianity.

It is very apparent that it is a difficult matter to impress aliens, foreign-born and even native-born, with the value of understanding the fundamentals and ideals of American government. There is a regrettable indifference to this subject at present, since there is no great urgency or national crisis to stimulate interest. As evidence of this, it is only necessary to state that of the fifty aliens who enrolled, but five or so attended the lectures, the others giving various excuses for not being able to attend.

Yet it must be said that all those who were present expressed themselves as being highly pleased with the lectures and the manner in which they were presented.

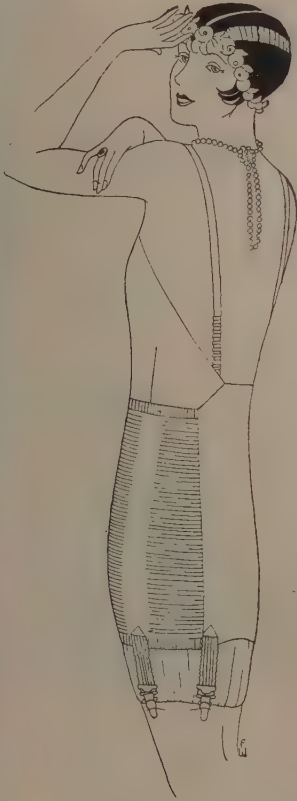
Many made inquiries as to whether or not the lectures would be printed, and urged that this be done. Our executive committee accordingly decided that a pamphlet containing these lectures should be gotten out and some 3,000 copies printed.

The committee is not discouraged by the results of its experiment. If such lectures are to be given again, the committee recommends that they follow the regular lodge meeting, rather than being given on a separate evening.

The publicity given the lectures gained us favorable comment from every section and the endorsement of our leading citizens. It apprised the general public of the existence of our committee and of its purpose at all times to give information and assistance to those who desire to become American citizens. All applicants are aided regardless of race or creed.

Although we have been organized only about four months, we have assisted sixty applicants for citizenship. The sincere appreciation of those we have aided convinces us that we are fulfilling a long felt need.

*A Costume
is often Responsible for
Social Success*



No. 1559—A Gossard Complete for evening wear, cut very low in the back Made of beautiful satin tricot, with hand knit elastic over hips and a short gore in front. Pink. Sizes 26 to 36.



No. 757—A Gossard Complete, made of fancy broche, with elastic over the hips. Gives very flat back. Pink. Sizes 26 to 40.

NEW evening garments with their soft drapes and narrow waists demand perfect grooming — long slender lines — an unbroken silhouette from shoulder to knee. The Gossard Evening Complete superbly meets the needs of the figure and the requirements of the most difficult evening gown.

The woman who wears the Gossard Evening Complete is exquisitely groomed for the most exacting evening function.

THE H. W. GOSSARD CO.

100 East Ohio Street

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Communications

DISTRICT GRAND LODGE No. 2

At the meeting of the General Committee in Denver on October 18, the following letter was presented from the Jewish Chautauqua Society:

"Now that our university work has been concluded, it gives me pleasure to present to you the report of the representative that we sent to the University of Nebraska, made possible through the generous contribution of your District Grand Lodge. Rabbi Israel Bettan, of the Hebrew Union College, Cincinnati, delivered three lectures there:

Post-Biblical Judaism

- 1—Its Biblical Foundation
- 2—Its Spiritual Note
- 3—Its Practical Ethics

They were so enthusiastically received that a request has come for further lectures. The audiences were composed of superintendents of schools, principals of public schools and public school teachers, also teachers in Christian religion schools.

A general press notice was sent to the entire Jewish press that your Lodge had lent support through a substantial contribution and that the lectures at the university was the Victor Abraham Lectureship, created by your Lodge.

Once more, let me extend the hearty appreciation of the Board of Directors for the general support rendered us by your Lodge."

Franklin, Ind.

Gentlemen:

I am interested in your magazine. I have read some very interesting articles in the back issues I found at the library of Edenburg, Ind.

I am interested in the matter of race tolerance and tolerance in general. I feel that I must know the views and beliefs of all races.

Have you people old or bound volumes for sale, say running back for one year or more?

[UNSIGNED.]

Note: A few copies of back numbers are available.

93 Cowden St.,
San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Friends:

I enjoy the B. B. MAGAZINE greatly but first I turn to the B. B. Shots.

MRS. ALEXANDER.

Jewish Calendar 5686

1925

Rosh Hashonah.....	Sat., Sept. 19
	Sun., Sept. 20
Yom Kippur.....	Mon., Sept. 28
Succoth	Sat., Oct. 3
	Sun., Oct. 4
Shemini Atzereth.....	Sat., Oct. 10
Simchath Torah.....	Sun., Oct. 11
*Rosh Chodesh Cheshvan.....	Mon., Oct. 19
*Rosh Chodesh Kislev.....	Wed., Nov. 18
First Day Chanukah.....	Sat., Dec. 12
*Rosh Chodesh Tebeth.....	Fri., Dec. 18
Fast of Esther.....	Sat., Feb. 27
Fast of Tebeth.....	Sunday, Dec. 27

1926

Rosh Chodesh Shebat.....	Sat., Jan. 16
*Rosh Chodesh Adar.....	Mon., Feb. 15
Purim	Sun., Feb. 28
Rosh Chodesh Nissan.....	Tues., Mar. 16
First Day Pessach.....	Tues., Mar. 30
Seventh Day Pessach.....	Mon., Apr. 5
*Rosh Chodesh Iyar.....	Thurs., Apr. 15
Lag b'Omer.....	Sun., May 2
Rosh Chodesh Sivan.....	Fri., May 14
Shabuoth	Wed., May 19
	Thurs., May 20
*Rosh Chodesh Tammuz.....	Sun., June 13
Fast of Tammuz.....	Tues., June 29
Rosh Chodesh Ab.....	Mon., July 12
Fast of Ab.....	Tues., July 20
*Rosh Chodesh Allul.....	Wed., Aug. 11

NOTE: Holidays begin in the evening preceding the dates designated.

**Rosh Chodesh also observed the previous day.*

Nov. 24, 1925.

To the Editor:

The Board of Managers of the National Council of Jewish Women which recently met in annual session in New York City, voiced its appreciation of your co-operation throughout the past year. Our officers regard the Jewish press as one of the most powerful forces we possess today in the work of strengthening the interest of our communities in the activities sponsored by our organization.

Your publication is rendering an inestimable service in arousing a keener understanding of the forces at work in modern Jewish life.

Assuring you of our gratitude for the courtesies that you have extended the National Council of Jewish Women through your columns.

Faithfully,

ESTELLE M. STERNBERGER,
Executive Secretary.

Communications

121 Commerce St.,
Montgomery, Ala.

To the Editor:

I cannot help but comment upon the splendid Magazine and excellent articles which you are furnishing your readers monthly. I, personally, look forward to receiving my issue every month and getting the news of the Jewish world.

You deserve a great deal of credit for the great work you are doing, which I know is quite an inspiration to each and every one who has an opportunity to read your splendid Magazine.

Yours, in brotherly love,

JACOB L. KAUFMAN.

This letter addressed to the Board of Governors of the Home for Aged and Infirm, of District No. 1, at Yonkers, N. Y., speaks for itself:

Bronx, N. Y.

September 9, 1925.

To the Board of Governors:

We take great pride in writing you that our late beloved father, Mr. Samuel Marks, was so pleased and gratified with the treatment accorded him at the Home, that we cannot let the opportunity pass without mentioning it to you.

He told us very often that the most pleasant times of his last days were spent at the Home. He was especially gratified for the many favors and kindnesses received, and particularly the affectionate and sympathetic interest and care shown by the Superintendent and Mrs. Newman.

We, his children, assure you of our heartfelt appreciation for your wonderful benevolence and assure you that as long as we live it will not be forgotten.

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) MARKS FAMILY.

Chicago, Ill.

To the Editor:

The Jew, if I can sense his weightiest quality, is, as Hillaire Belloc has so subtly brought out, above nation, above creed, above lodge. He is a Ben B'rith in the large sense of universal brotherhood. The anti-Semite pays him a finer tribute than the reverent Jew clad in the traditional gaberdine; so I humbly opine.

Faithfully,

H. B. SONNEBORN.



A New Measure of Fine Car Excellence

THOSE who had owned Packard cars for years were convinced that the Twin Six was the ultimate Packard. They did not believe it was possible to improve upon it.

But now these veteran Packard owners are buying new series Packard Eight cars.

And they say that the Packard Eight has qualities they had never learned to expect in any car.

The new Packard Eight cars give their owners:

Wider, more comfortable and luxurious bodies which retain all of the traditional Packard grace and beauty;

More and still smoother power combined with a new ease of control and freedom from gear-shifting;

An unusual economy of operation;

And, best of all, the new improvements—the chassis lubricator and the motor oil rectifier which double the life of the car. More, they emancipate Packard owners from the drudgery of constant oiling and greasing operations. On the new Packards proper lubrication is almost automatic.

The owners of Packard Eight cars have had to revise their ideas of how good a fine car can be.

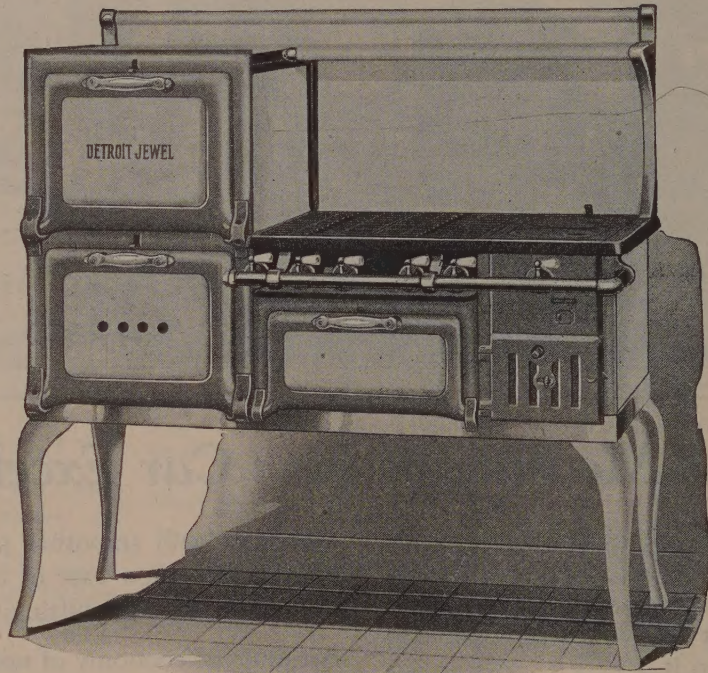
The Packard Eight Seven-passenger Sedan Limousine is illustrated—\$5100 at Detroit. Packard Eight and Packard Six both are furnished in nine body types, four open and five enclosed. Packard distributors and dealers welcome the buyer who prefers to purchase his Packard out of income instead of capital.

PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE
When writing to Advertisers, kindly mention the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE.

DETROIT JEWEL GAS RANGES

"THEY BAKE BETTER"



Another feature of Detroit Jewel Gas Range Construction. One of our models in gray and white porcelain enamel with a built-in kitchen heater. An ideal type of range where heat is needed in the kitchen.

This appliance can also be used as a trash or rubbish burner and all it necessitates then is the lighting of the gas kindler. Otherwise it will burn hard or soft coal or wood. This range is also furnished in semi-white porcelain enamel trim or in plain black ebonite finish.

See your dealer for further particulars or write us for full particulars.

DETROIT STOVE WORKS

THE LARGEST STOVE AND FURNACE PLANT IN THE WORLD

Detroit

New York

Philadelphia

Chicago

When writing to Advertisers, kindly mention the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE.

The ZONE of KELVINATION



Kelvinator, the pioneer system of electric refrigeration, takes ordinary electric current and causes it to chill the refrigerator. It operates automatically, requires no attention, and eliminates the use of ice.

The Zone of Kelvination is a zone of temperature that lies below 50°, which Kelvinator maintains *all the time*. This is much colder and more constant than the temperature ice maintains. It is a zone of dry, frosty cold much superior to any old-fashioned refrigeration you have ever known.



FITS ANY REFRIGERATOR

Kelvinator can be installed in any good refrigerator. It requires but a short time to make the installation and the necessary electric connection, and from that time on you simply *forget* it. Your refrigerator actually keeps itself cold.



THE KELVIN-ET \$250 f. o. b. Detroit

The Kelvin-et is a compact refrigerating unit for small homes and apartments, priced at \$250 f. o. b. Detroit. It is Kelvinator and refrigerator, all in one. It is delivered to your home like an ordinary refrigerator, and requires only an electric connection.

**KELVINATOR
ICE CREAM CABINETS**
are made in sizes for every retail business. The Kelvinator air-cooled principle makes installation simple and economical.



The Perfect Gift

— for the woman who loves her home

This year thousands of men who want to be generous without being extravagant will give Kelvinator—the unusual gift.

Thousands will find in Kelvinator the ideal gift that carries with it happiness and Christmas Spirit, yet the promise of a lifetime of convenience and usefulness as well.

Kelvinator is not a work-a-day gift. It is a source of pride and happiness to the woman who

loves fine things in her home. Yet it is the greatest saver of time and steps the home can have.

Make this Christmas different from every Christmas that has gone before. Give to your wife the convenience of electric refrigeration—the perfect preservation of foods—the freezing of dainty desserts without labor—freedom from the annoyance of daily ice delivery. Give her Kelvinator, the *unusual* gift.

See your local dealer early and make sure that he has the proper model for your refrigerator. We will gladly send you literature.

KELVINATOR CORPORATION, 2037 WEST FORT STREET, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Kelvinator of Canada, Ltd., 527 West Pitt Street, Windsor (171)

Kelvinator

The Oldest Domestic Electric Refrigeration

When writing to Advertisers, kindly mention the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE.



CRANE BEAUTY IN THE OPEN; CRANE QUALITY IN ALL HIDDEN FITTINGS

Saving space, time and endless steps in any home, this combined sink and laundry tub is especially useful and efficient in small apartments and bungalows.

Of cream-white enamel on iron, it takes up no more room than a sink alone, and costs much less than two separate units installed. It is large enough to meet any laundry emergency and is most conven-

ient for washing small articles too delicate to risk outside. The nickel silver drainboard fits snugly on either sink or tub and may also be used as a serving tray.

Crane plumbing and heating materials are sold everywhere by established and responsible contractors in a wide range of styles and prices. Write for new kitchen folder and bathroom booklet.

CRANE

Address all inquiries to Crane Co., Chicago

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C^{IE} CRANE: PARIS, NANTES, BRUSSELS



Removable drainboard is also a practical, convenient tray

Drainboard of nickel silver in place above laundry tray